

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.



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General

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A PEACEMAKER'S WORK.

(See article on page 9.)

## A Reconciliation Story.

"No, it is utterly useless to talk, or even to think about it. I could never in the world be reconciled to disgracing myself so abominably."

Thus, Mrs. Maternity, with emphasis. It was by no means a fresh subject with her. She had known the Army for several years; she had been friendly disposed to it from the first; had stood sturdily for it against misconception; had long been a constant attendant and participant in its meetings, and for at least a couple of years had understood perfectly well that God demanded of her the obedience of a Salvation Army soldier.

Mrs. Maternity was an honest soul. She never from the first made the slightest pretence of misunderstanding God's will in the matter; she acknowledged to herself and to others with perfect freedom that her soul was ill at ease as a result. But while confounding all this with utmost frankness, Mrs. Maternity confessed also something else which was to her of extreme importance.

### She Looked Like a Fright

in the Salvation Army bonnet! This amazing fact she had discovered early in her association with the Army.

"No," she said, whenever the Captain bronched the subject—which you may be sure, was often enough: "No, I am not a court beauty by a considerable lot, but I do at least want to look as attractive as possible to my own family. Why, once when I put Captain Wilton's bonnet on here, my little Herbert came into the room, and positively, I was such a sight! I thought the dear little fellow would go off in a convulsion before I could get it off."

All arguments had no effect, for the fact was, Mrs. Maternity herself didn't like the look of the bonnet on her head, and she was the state of affairs when Captain Newcome came to the corps.

Mrs. Maternity continued the warm friend of the Army she had always been: attended meetings, helped generously in all manner of ways, confessed her convictions and abominably shook her head at the bonnet.

Capt. Newcome, meanwhile, did a bit of praying, of which Mrs. Maternity was no subject and as often as possible visited Mrs. Maternity at her home. In fact, she was bound thither in a roundabout way—for she was a busy woman—one winter afternoon.

### Pondering a Fresh Assault

upon the good lady's prejudices. There was a sharp edge in the air as the Captain stepped out of a tenement where she had been visiting, and as she passed down the narrow street leading to the street, she drew her bonnet snug over her ears and settled her cape about her. Before she reached the street she heard the wail of a child, and her heart stirred pitifully, for her comely friend insisted told her it was the cry of fright and fear.

Coming out upon the street, the first thing her eyes fell upon was a group of nearly a dozen children of the neighborhood, and it needed no further fact that they were surrounding the child whose cry she had heard.

She stepped quickly forward. "What is it, children?"

"His is lost," said a little girl eagerly: "he can't know where he lives." Meantime the Captain saw a little boy, apparently four or five years old, comfortably cold, but without hat or cap, standing with his hands over his eyes, sobbing bitterly and shivering with cold and fright.

"Poor little fellow!" she murmured, and drew nearer. "What's your name, dear?"

It was, hearing the gentle voice, the child removed his hands from his face.

"Herbert!" cried the Captain, in amazement. "Herbert Maternity! Why, my previous child, what are you doing here?"

Herbert it certainly was, strayed from his home, and hopelessly lost.

It was not more than fifteen minutes later that the Captain and her chaperon approached the Maternity home and in another minute.

### With a Wild Cry

the frantic mother snatched her child to her breast. He had been short time before he was playing at a neighbor's.

"And was he frightened at you?" Mrs. Maternity asked the Captain, after

her first emotion had abated somewhat.

"Was he at all afraid?"

"I think not."

"I was thinking of the bonnet," said Mrs. Maternity, doubtfully. "Were you, afraid of Captain, my lamb?"

"No," said Herbert, soberly: "I was awful glad."

"Glad to see her? Glad to see the ugly bonnet, too?"

"Uhuh," said Herbert, nodding his head, solemnly. "Cause I knew she wouldn't hurt me." "Cause I knew she'd bring me home."

The tears sprang with a quick rush to Mrs. Maternity's eyes. "My own child has rebuked me," she cried: "my own innocent child has shown me my wicked folly! God forgive me, Captain! and if you'll have me, you may order a bonnet as soon as you like. If by wearing that poke bonnet God's children—little and big—can safely recognize me as one who will point the way home to them, I will ask no higher honor than to wear it for the rest of my days."

So was Mrs. Maternity reconciled.

## THOUGHTS ON GOODNESS

Be not only good, but good for something, as Thoreau would say. Personal progress is in submitting ourselves to the law of effort after improvement.

Goodness must be sweet, and we must beware of joining that unlovely section who have been well described by some one as the "sour good" kind.

Goodness is the best investment, yielding perpetual dividends to ourselves, being most productive of happiness in others, and giving greatest satisfaction to God.

The good are helpful through their unassuming influence. This is the normal fruit of right action socially. The heaven of goodness acts according to a natural law. Of William Pitt it was said by a soldier of the time: "No man ever enter-

## Thoughts for a Reconciliation Week.

"If illwill is harbored toward any being in God's made, you cannot continue to enjoy the presence of God; no matter how wicked that being may be, or how worthless. If you hate that being you are the same as a murderer in the sight of God, and the Spirit of God cannot dwell with you. You must be a backslider."—Pinne—

"None will have such a dreadful parting with the Lord at the last day as those who went all way with Him and then left Him,"—Ivance.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed."—James, 5:16.

"To have been unfaithful to His saving grace; to have been untrue to His dying love; to have withheld from Him that which He purchased with His heart's blood, demands a deeper grief, a more bitter repentance, than that of our unconverted state."—Mrs. Booth.

"I will hold their backslidings. I will turn freely for mine anger is turned away from him."—Hosea, 14:4.

"There are different degrees of backsliding: some have fallen from greater heights, and some to lower depths than others. But if you ever were higher on the ladder of Christian experience than you are today, to just that extent you are a backslider."—Mrs. Booth.

"For He is our peer, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; to make in Himself of twain one new man, soaking peace and that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby."—Ephesians, 2:14-17.

"A backslider does more hurt to the cause of religion than an infidel."—Finney.

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."—2nd, Corinthians, 5:19.

"There is no place in a backslider's heart."

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—Matthew 5:23-24.

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2nd, Corinthians, 5:20.

"Listen to the commands of your Master. Consider His example. He was safe and glorious, and worshipped in the Celestial Baracks, surrounded by myriads of faithful soldiers, who had never wandered one hair's breadth from the path of duty from the moment of their creation. But far away He saw His backsliding world, with its perishing multitude, the rescue of whom meant to Him such self-denial and anguish as is not to be imagined, but His pitying heart overcame all His love of ease and pleasure, and brought Him into this wilderness to seek the wandering sheep."—The General.

"It is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God."—Jeremiah, 2:19.

"My people have committed two evils: they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."—Jeremiah, 2:13.

"To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot rest, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer."

## A Lost Soul in Hell.

[Commissioner Rillon says that the only description given of hell in the Bible (Luke, xvi, 26-31), is generally believed by Christians to be fiction. Few people believe that the "great gulf" can be spoken across, and that the glory of heaven is visible from the confines of hell.]

**N**EVER to be at rest, or free from burning pain,  
Never to take a wink of soothing sleep again;  
Heaven's joys and bliss to see but miss—  
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this?

Never to quench your thirst, to ask, but ask in vain,  
But for a drop to stop the torment and the pain;  
All health and happiness to miss—  
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this?

Never to get a chance to cross that great gulf fixed  
By you yourself, alas! your soul and God betwixt;  
And yet to gaze on all you'll miss—  
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this?

Never to warn the rest: never to sing or pray;  
And never to forget each chance you threw away;  
For memory's worm will always hiss—  
Oh, sinner! have you ever thought of this? P.

## Learn of the Devil.

Bishop Latimer, the martyr, who perished at the stake in Queen Mary's reign, was a humorist of the true type, and with this weapon he thrashed the vices and follies of his own time. In rebuking the selfish, self-seeking prelates of the day, he says in a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing of his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is, I know him well. But now I think, I see you listening and harkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he appeareth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame, learn of the devil."

Talking good things to the people, staging them songs, holding meetings, and all other schemes and contrivances, are only satisfactory as far as they get the people actually saved.—The General.

It is my deep conviction that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away until the story of the cross will be uttered in the ears of every living man.—From Dying Words of Simeon Calhoun.

ed Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in.

## GLEANINGS.

GARNERED BY ADLT. A. HOGGS.

You may have a rough voyage through life, but you have nothing to fear while you keep unbelief below, faith on deck, and Christ at the helm of your little bark.—Jackson.

We do not all, for our deeds remain. To crown with honor or mar with shame:

Through endless sequence of years to come,  
Our lives shall speak when our lips are dumb.

Let me not die before I have done for Thee my earthly work.

Whatever it may be, Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled:

Let me not leave my space of ground unfulfilled.

Impress this thought upon me, that no one can do my portion that I leave undone.

### Seal Cove.

We had good meetings all day Sunday, and much of the Master's presence was realized. God came very near to us in the holiness meeting, and one sister consecrated herself afresh to His service. There was much conviction at our night meeting, and many left the building in tears. Still believing for better times.—A. Poddell

# Boer and Kafir.

## A Song Service Suitable for Reconciliation Week.

[Singing together.]

Tune.—Come, join our Army (H.B. 14, S.M. I. 475).

Come, join our Army, to battle we go,  
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;  
Defending the right and opposing the wrong.

The Salvation Army is marching along.

Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching along,  
The Salvation Army is marching along.  
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,  
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven.

To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall be given;

If hell should surround us, we'll press through the throng.

The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,  
The time for enlisting is passing away;  
The battle is raging, but victory will come.

The Salvation Army is marching along.

On the Veldt.

The sun is shining brightly, sending its long, piercing rays down upon the long stretch of the Transvaal veldt. Two travelers are pushing along on horseback. Their horses are showing signs of fatigue and thirst, but the green willows in front reveal the river, and both men and beasts seem to revive at the thought of their nearness to the gushing, cool waters.

The men are dressed in Salvation Army uniform, but the dust has well-nigh obliterated the white and the red. They are both of the rank of privates, and both of them would have great trouble in identifying them as officers of that world-wide organization.

"I say, Captain, what have you got to the saddle-bag for? I am feeling a bit hungry."

"Well, my boy, be patient till we get to the river, and we will have something good to eat."

Thus spoke the individual addressed as Captain. A fair, bronzed young fellow of four-and-twenty summers.

The river was soon reached, and both men attended to the needs of their horses; then, opening up their saddle-bags, they took out the bread and the tinned "dotted meat," which is so well-known as the South African traveler's fare, and, after saying grace, began to eat with a heartiness that bespoke long fasting and good appetite.

"I say, Captain, where shall we encamp to-night?"

"I don't know, my boy, but if the horses don't fail us, we shall reach Viljoen's farm by dusk, and perhaps the old man will allow us the use of his spare bedroom."

He introduced my two friends. They are Salvation outsiders, going from farm to farm, and holding meetings wherever they can. The Captain we will call Hendriks, and the Lieutenant Thompson. There are a hardy pair of boys, full of love for souls and as full of the joy of the Lord.

"I am afraid old Oom Viljoen will not care for our company this evening, Captain. You know how mad he was the last time we passed his place. He has got a great deal on everything English. I do wish you would teach me 'Prisden Heer,' (Praise the Lord), and that other song, something about Calvary. If I could sing them in the taal (the Boer dialect of the Dutch language) I am sure he would be all right, and as for Tanta Viljoen she is almost friendly already since I sang that new solo to her, 'On the cross of Calvary.' She liked it immensely."

[Solo.—Male voice.]

Tune.—On the Cross of Calvary (B.J. 40, M.S. I. 4).

On the cross of Calvary,  
Jesus died for you and me;  
There He shed His precious blood,  
That from sin we might be free.  
Oh, the cleansing stream doth flow,  
And it washes white as snow;

It was for me that Jesus died  
On the cross of Calvary.

Chorus.

On Calvary, on Calvary,  
It was for me that Jesus died,  
On the cross of Calvary.

Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love,  
Brought me down at Jesus' feet;  
Oh, such wondrous, dying love,  
Asks a sacrifice complete.

Here I give myself to Thee,  
Soul and body, Thine to be;

It was for me Thy blood was shed  
On the cross of Calvary.

"Nay, nay, my lad, we must not try to get these people in that fashion. We must be true to ourselves, and to God. I am not without hopes that God has spoken to old Hendriks Viljoen, and has made him feel that he is not so secure as he seems to think. But enough. Let us have a word of prayer right here, and do not let us forget Oom and Tanta Viljoen."

Down the two lads went by the river-side, and, in earnest prayer, placed themselves in the hands of God, whilst at the same time they did not forget to bear up before the throne the Boer and his wife mentioned previously.

Quickly mounting their now refreshed horses, they broke into an easy canter over the plains.

"I say, Lieutenant, what if young Viljoen is at home? If he is very bitter, and I am afraid he will turn the old folks against us, if he can."

"Ah, well, mate, I think I shall clear off, and let you deal with him. I've got a good 'kaross' (sheepskin rug), and I can sleep as sound on the veldt as inside."

You know, Captain, they don't like me because I am English, and they think I take too much notice of their ways. Then, you know, young Viljoen—he was in the war against our soldiers, and he is very bitter, and you know I think someone has told him that I was a soldier fighting against them."

"No, Lieutenant. Again I say we must not give way. We can try them, as if they do refuse, then we can both sleep on the veldt together. But I am not without hope that God will open up our way, and that we shall both be sleeping to-night between the nice white sheets in Tanta Viljoen's 'precious' (minister's) bedroom."

On Oom Viljoen's Farm.

On, on they pushed, until the farm house that had been the subject of so much conversation came in sight. Some half-dozen Kamp boys were to be seen cleaning up in their own easy fashion.

As the Captain and Lieutenant rode up they discovered Oom Hendriks Viljoen alone on his "stoep" (verandah), smoking away at a long pipe, whilst by his side was a coffee jug from which he had been imbibing somewhat freely, just prior to the arrival of his visitors.

The Captain and the Lieutenant dismounted, and, throwing the bridle smartly over his horse's head, he walked straight up to the owner of the farm.

"Gott segen U (God bless you), Oom Viljoen," he shouted (Oom Hendriks was a bit deaf, and he did not hear).

The Boer looked sleepily up, his eyes peering through from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. Discovering who his visitors were he gazed away from the Captain, but took the lead in the next hand.

"Gott segen U, mynheer Captain," said the Boer; "you are welcome, Tanta is inside, and she will get dinner for you. Take your horses round, and the Kaffer will attend to them."

The Captain quickly obeyed, and, motioning the Lieutenant to follow, they speedily disposed of their horses. With the aid of a brush they took the thickest of the dust from their clothes, then a swill in a bucket of water, and they were somewhat quickly dried.

They had evidently got the "centre" of the farm for that evening.

[Chorus.]

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory!

On, battalions of the Lord, with hearts that fear no danger,

On to break each captive's chain, bring the world to God again;  
From the iron grip of hell each soul set free.

Oom Hendriks Viljoen was a fine specimen of the rough old "voortrekker" (pioneer). With his devoted partner he had come from the neighboring colony of Natal many years before, and, after facing dangers and perils of the most fearful description, they had safely reached their promised land, as they termed it.

In spite of all they had gone through, and the terrible hardships they had endured, they were both hale and strong, though in good age. True, Oom Hendriks was getting a bit stout, and could not mount his horse as easily as in the days of yore, yet his strength was still firm, and few of the younger men could beat him in boxing or wrestling; whilst, with the rifle, he could judge his distance, and send a bullet through the fore legs of a "spring-bok" (deer) with the best of them.

What stories both Oom and Tanta could tell of their early-day adventures with both Kaffirs and wild beasts. They did not choose to boast, consequently scarcely anything about these gallant pioneers has got into print, but of their deeds of valor and bravery, if only chronicled, would bear favorable comparison with the noblest deeds of any people that have ever lived on the face of the earth.

Tanta Viljoen's Dinner.

"Well, mynheer, come inside." It is the welcome voice of the housewife.

"Gooden avons (good evening), Tanta Viljoen!" the Captain exclaims. "It is good for you to do us this kindness. May the Lord reward you and Oom Hendriks."

"Danken U (thank you), mynheer Captain, and may de Heer seggen U (the Lord bless you)," said Tanta Viljoen in response to the Captain's greeting.

The house inside was plain, but very cosy and comfortable. Tanta Viljoen was a good housewife, and in every direction the eye went, specimens of her handiwork in the shape of covers, etc., could be seen.

Her table was well spread. A piece of savory venison was on the sideboard—a small table acting for that useful piece of furniture—and some dishes of vegetables and other vegetables were steaming round about it. A little Kaffer servant girl took round the dishes to the guests and her master, and seemed awestruck at the sight of the Army uniform.

Then, after the serving was ended, the good man of the house said grace in a solemn, sing-song fashion in good taal, and the dinner was proceeded with.

Both officers felt all the better for their substantial repast, and, after a word of earnest prayer, followed the Boer to the "stoep" for "coffee drink" (a drink of coffee).

"Are you going to 'naetmaal' (supper) this time?" queried the Captain.

"I have been thinking since you were here last, my Captain, that I am needing something more than 'naetmaal,' though God forbid that I should neglect the holy ordinance I have been going over your words, and I must say I have had a very miserable time."

The Captain's face fairly shone, but as the old man spoke in Dutch the Lieutenant did not catch the meaning of his words, though he inferred from the Captain's manner that something good had taken place. He rubbed his hands and smothered a "Glory!" that instantly rose up.

[Chorus.]

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Oom Viljoen Gets Saved.

"Yes, I am getting old now, and I must be getting ready to go on my long journey. I have been all my life a very strict man. I have believed in my church, and listened to the 'predikant' (minister), and I believe in God's sovereignty, reign electing grace with all my heart. Yet there is something here" (and Oom Hendriks pointed in the direction of his heart) "tells me I am wanting in something. Tell me, my friend, is there anything almost surely, and showing a good deal of emotion, which somewhat surprised, but at the same time immensely delighted, the Captain.

"Let me get the Bybel, mynheer, and I will try and help you."

The Captain rushed inside, and Tanta handed him the great leather-bound book, so precious to every Boer household. Opening it at the epistle general of John, third chapter, the Captain read: "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, slew his brother, abideth in death."

"Ah, myn Captain," exclaimed the old man, before he had read very far: "I see! I see! I have been in the darkness, but now I see! I want the love, I want it in my heart. My heart is so cold and hard, and I cannot die like this. Tell me what it all means, and how I can get this love."

For answer the Captain opened again at I. Corinthians xiii., and read the verses down. As he did so the Boer sat and slowly swallowed the words—"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

The Captain closed the book, and looked Oom Hendriks straight in the eyes. The old man winced before the officer's firm gaze.

"Oom Hendriks, Jesus loved you when you were His enemy; if you would be like your Master you must love even your enemies. That is both the law and the Gospel. The strife and hatred must be left behind, and the heart must be made clean, by sacrificing, conquering love."

[Chorus.—Softly.]

Let me love Thee, Saviour,  
Take my heart for ever,  
Nothing but Thy favor  
My soul can satisfy.

The Captain spoke as one inspired, and both the father and his wife felt the influence of his burning words. Instinctively they made for the house, and, getting inside, they both fell on their knees and commenced praying.

"Dear God, come bursting from their eyes, and both Captain and Lieutenant prayed, the former in Dutch, the latter in English. Both prayers, however, were heard and answered, for presently the farmer rose, and grasping the Lieutenant's hand he shook it, and then, much to the latter's surprise, he lifted it to his lips and kissed it.

"You kissed the hand of a once-hated 'rouk' (red-neck, an expression used by the Boers to denote their contempt for Englishmen), and, as he did so, the door suddenly opened, and in walked Piet Viljoen, the farmer's son, just in time to see his father's act."

Piet's face turned as red as his father's. He could scarcely contain the evidence of his senses, but at that stolen manner so common amongst the Boers, he pulled himself up, and calmly walked out into the midnight air, rage and hatred burning in his eyes, but with a calm explanation in the morning, or know the reason why."

[Singing together.]

The Lord is near, when foes appear,  
And bids us not to fear,  
But fight the fight, for God and right,  
He'll keep the pathway clear!

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Chorus.

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Oh, what the happy day, He washed my sins away.

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

The two travelers slept well throughout the night. Given up to long before sunrise, and having dressed, proceeded to catch their horses and get things into readiness for their approaching departure.

A New Creation.

The sweet-natured Tanta Viljoen was also an early riser by long years of habit, and she was astir even earlier than usual this morning, going to and fro to the kitchen, where an chony-cold, but very much improved, breakfast was making up the fire. Tanta's not too melodious voice could be heard chanting her new and favorite Army chorus—



# Reconciliation Week.

## LET US BE FRIENDS.

BY THE GENERAL.

DEAR FRIEND:

HAVE YOU ANYTHING AGAINST THE GENERAL? Has he wronged you in any form? If so, show it to him. Write him a letter, short and to the point. He will, I am sure, be willing to see the wrong, and if he is wrong, and if I know his heart, which I think I do, he will at once up and undo it so far as he has the ability.

BUT HAS THE GENERAL ANYTHING AGAINST YOU? If so, will you not look that straight in the face, and undo it so far as you are the possessor? Will you not confess it, and so secure his forgiveness, and what is of far more importance, the forgiveness of God?

Whichever way it may be, come along, my friend. Let no clouds divide us. As we would think that there should be nothing between us in Heaven, so let there be nothing on earth.

LET US BE FRIENDS.

HAVE YOU ANYTHING AGAINST THE ARMY? Have, Headquarters, or has the Commissioner, or the Provincial Officer, or the Divisional Officer, or the Captain, or the Sergeant-Major, or any other officer, or have any of your comrades done you any harm? Have they treated you unkindly, said hard things about your character, or of those you love, or injured you in any shape or form? If so, come and tell them of their fault. If you have not already done so, according to Jesus Christ's direction, I will undertake for them that at least they will hear what you have to say, and consider your complaint; and if they

would not ask you to forgive them, then you must ask them to forgive you. BECAUSE YOU MUST BE FRIENDS.

THE ARMY REACHES OUT ITS HANDS AND SAYS, FOR MY SAKE, END YOUR QUARREL. Don't let the Army suffer that has been a blessing to you and yours in the past, and to the wide, wide world in the bargain; the Army, which you have praised so much, and so often declared, in testimony and prayer, and songs, that you would never forsake. The Army says, Why should we remain apart? Come home, and

LET US BE FRIENDS.

JESUS CHRIST STRETCHES OUT HIS HANDS AND SAYS, "END THIS QUARREL. Because you have been injured, or have had to endure loss, or been in disagreement with your comrades, and that any reason why you should break your word, or turn your back upon my service and my Cross? Don't make Me to suffer; don't make Me your enemy; make haste and be reconciled, and so LET US BE MORE THAN EVER FRIENDS AGAIN."

A DYING WORLD STRETCHES OUT ITS HANDS TO YOU AND SAYS, MAKE HASTE, END YOUR QUARRELING, and return to the fight with the angels. For they are damning your wives and husbands, and children, and neighbors at a wholesale rate. Come, and be reconciled to your neighbor quickly, and give yourself again to the work, the blessed task, of saving men.

YOUR OWN POOR SOUL, CRIES OUT,

[Three brothers in another room sing, one taking the solo.]

Tune—Soldiers fighting (B.B. 44, S.M. I, 224).

Soldiers fighting round the cross,  
Fight for your Lord!  
Remember, and all things will be lost,  
Fight for your Lord!

Chorus.

All hail, I'm saved!  
Oh, come and join our conquering band,  
All hail! I'm saved!  
We'll conquer if we die.

Girl your sword and holy defy,  
Fight for your Lord!  
Onward charge and never fly,  
Fight for your Lord!

See in heaven the rescued slaves,  
Fight for your Lord!  
Rescue more while Jesus saves,  
Fight for your Lord!

The Lieutenant had the greatest difficulty in getting the tune into Piet's head. The latter had positively no ear for music, still he would persevere in his endeavor to get hold of some of the songs, and the Lieutenant did not tire in his effort to teach him; in fact, the latter was simply at Piet's disposal, all body and soul.

To the Front of the Fight.

"I say, Lieutenant, I would like to be an officer, and go about amongst the farms. I am sure the Boers would bear me," said Piet at last.

"Well, why not, Piet?"

"Ah, you see, Oom Hendrik is old, and feeble, and he needs me. Besides, I must now help myn moeder, and stay with her. I'm her zoon—her only zoon—and she is getting old."

"Ah, yes," sighed the Lieutenant, "she loves her Piet now as never before. I think the prayers of Tanta had a great deal to do with what happened to-day, Piet."

"I shall do what I can when I go up to 'naancant' (sacrament). Oh, how different things will be now. What will Johannes Dapplesiss, and Jacob Hotha, and all the rest say when they hear from my own mouth what God has done for me. You will pray for me all the time. I want to be a good soldier, like Stephaans and Paul. I want to fight the good fight right through, and so Piet went on and on making his resolutions, and vowing before the Lord. The youth's nature

AND THE QUARREL.

Haste across the paltry line that separates you from the warmest hearts and the truest spirits that are found on earth, and once more swear eternal friendship to your old comrades under the Blood-and-Fire flag.

And more than this, your poor soul, unless it has become dumb, cries out for the love and purity, the peace and power of the days gone by. It cries out in fear lest it should be at least in its bitterness and backslidings on a death-bed of despair, and finish up in a backslider's Hell.

Perhaps you will say you were grievously wronged, or perhaps you never have been where you are. Perhaps you were. I am willing to admit that it was so.

Perhaps you will say you were all right in the matter over which the quarrel came, and perhaps you were.

Perhaps you are not a bit impatient, and did not have any hard feelings, and did not say an aggravating word over the affair. Perhaps it was so. Perhaps at the fault was on the other side, and you were all right, and those against you were all wrong AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE TROUBLE.

LET US BE FRIENDS.

Perhaps it was so. I don't know.

Still, my friend, would it not have been more like your Savior to have suffered the wrong than to have had the quarrel? Anyway, when they struck you on the one cheek you did not turn them the other, and whether or no, you should not have deserted your post. You should not have laid your hands on them, and allowed the dear old drum to beat and the colors to fly, and the procession to travel by without your being in the ranks.

You should not have let it be known in the soldier's camp that among your kindred in Heaven and Hell that you had thrown up The Army, turned your back on your old comrades, and left them to the struggle alone, because of some petty jealousy, some foolish quarrel, some trifling matter of right or wrong, or something else. No, you ought not to have done it for any reason

that could be invented by fiends or suggested by man.

But you say, "Nobody cares." That's a mistake. I am sure no soldier drops out of our ranks without somebody caring. If not, not one of the men would be why the good and true men and women should stand fast. But it is not so. The loss of our soldiers is one of the greatest sorrows that Jesus Christ has to suffer, and at night, and in public and in private, the hearts of thousands of others bleed over it. I am sure that mine does.

But, does anyone say, "No officer ever came after me?" The more the pity again I say, but that is no excuse for your staying away. No man, having fallen into the water, and wishing to be saved, would stay there because someone would not try to pull him out; that is, if there was a way of getting out himself.

But if an officer has come after you before, some one will come after you this Reconciliation Week; that is, if they know where you are; if not, you know where the barracks are. They will call upon you, and they will write you; they will pray for you, and they will rejoice over your return.

So now Jesus Christ comes, your old comrades come, we all come, and we all come. Come home. Come back to your own people, to your old spirit, to your old joy."

I, your General, your old General, and your General still, say, "Come home."

I had the power I would write "Come home" on the skies, and you might read it by day, and I would make the stars utter it, so that you might hear it by night. I would make the winds echo it as they blow over the hills, and the waves speak it as they beat upon the shore. I would make the clouds, the stars, and the mountains and valleys and oceans and river, and all created nature ceaselessly invite you to leave your hard feelings, and come home to your Savior, and to your General, and to your comrades. I would make all alike proclaim the welcome awaiting you there.

Your friend and General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

surprise was great, even beyond words. But what was their delight when Piet made a scramble from the back of his horse, and rushed weeping up to his mother, telling her through his sobs of his new-found joy and peace, and begging her forgiveness for going away from her in the morning, as he had done.

"Ah, myn moeder, the Englishman is so good. Come here, Englishman, you are my brother and myn friend for evermore," he said.

Piet made a full, straight-out confession to his parents of the whole affair, as related in the previous chapter, not omitting a single incident or word.

The old folks looked on amazed, and were delighted, especially as the narrative drew to a close. Jacob's God had answered prayer; the prodigal had returned. The smile on the dear Tanta's face grew as her eyes rested upon her boy, Piet. He was here now, as he had never been before—yes, her own true "zoon" (son), and she was happy.

[Chorus.]

We're sure to finish well, we're sure to finish well!  
If I and you are good and true, we're sure to finish well!  
We're sure to finish well, we're sure to finish well!  
We mean to fight and conquer, we're sure to finish well!

The little company gradually found themselves on their knees, and there were praises ascending, and, like the ladder Jacob saw, there were praises going up, and blessings, full and glorious, coming down. How different! Did this little company feel as they sat round the table for the evening meal.

The Lieutenant was placed in the seat of honor, and as Piet's eyes met his was a glad shout. Piet could now see lots of things in the Lieutenant that aroused his interest. His blind, raging prejudice had hidden everything up before. Now he was beginning to see a man.

Piet shared a bed with the English Lieutenant that night. They did not, however, sleep much, but spent most of their evening in going over the events of the day, and sharing in an undecent odd snatches of choruses.

seemed simply to burn with love and devotion. The sleepy, sulky youth of a day or two ago was now bright with enthusiasm, and aglow with holy fervor and divine passion. The very look on his face had changed, and the whole mind seemed transformed and renewed. He was the new man in Christ Jesus. Old things had indeed passed away, and behold all things had become new!

There was something like a scene at Viljoen's farm when the officers shook hands with their kindly host and the sweet-natured, pious Tanta; but the most trying of all was when it came to Piet's turn. The youth could scarcely control his excitement and concern. He would not shake hands and part at the door, but insisted on saddling his horse, and entering out with them over the wall.

The good Tanta shed tears of joy as the three youths bounded over the springing turf, singing at the top of their voices the ringing Army choruses. She turned to her husband, and, taking his big, brown hand in hers, she silently kissed it, then reverently pressed it to her heart.

Hendrik, in turn, bowed his head, and his frame shook with the strong emotion that overwhelmed his soul. He was uttering to the prayer, "My heart's latest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

When Piet returned he found his parents still on the stoop. Their eyes beamed a welcome that strangely warmed the youth's heart.

"Piet, myn zoon (son), come here, I would talk with you," said his father. "The Salvationists have gone, and we must be comforted by the love of men of God, and they have shown us the way of salvation; you are happy, myn zoon, and Tanta is happy, and your vader is happy. God is good to us all. Now, I want to tell you, Piet, my heart's full heart: I am going to die."

As the old man uttered those words a look of horror came over the faces of both Tanta and Piet. The farmer did not betray a great deal of emotion. His lips were set in a firm line, but his Hendrik was getting weaker, and the old wound in his side had given him great trouble of late. The words were, however, a great shock to the youth.

"What is this you are saying, myn vader?"

The old man lifted his eyes to his

son. They were moist, and his hand trembled as he laid it on the youth's shoulder.

"I am saying the truth, myn zoon. You must hear me; I am dying; but you must know. You will put me by the side of your brother, Piet, at the foot of the kopje."

"Don't talk like this, myn vader; you will break my heart," said Piet. "I shall go for the doctor, and bring him on. You will not come on now, get well again, and we shall be happy here together."

The elder man simply shook his head. "I tell you, Piet," he went on, "the Lord is calling me, and it is settling time for me to go. I am ready to cross the river."

There seemed to come a strange look into Hendrik Viljoen's eyes as he uttered these words. It was as though he could see something beyond—yes, within in the veil itself.

The good Tanta brought him his coffee and some delicious "confeite" (preserves), but after drinking a little he said he would not eat. He lay down. They assisted him to bed, and from his appearance, could see that the end was not far off.

Two or three days passed by, and Hendrik, the old Voor trekker, lay waiting, but came not out to look back. Peacefully did the hours glide by.

Piet and Tanta cheered him by reading from the book, and singing the songs he loved so well. Just before he passed peacefully to get into a sweet and restful consciousness of his peace with God, and when the end came, he departed with his hand upon the good, brown palm of the brave and patient Tanta, and his eye fixed upon the face of Piet.

Piet and his mother astonished their friends not a little by their testimony. Few doubted their sincerity, and many received their message and decided to yield to Christ. Piet made up his mind to testify on every occasion of the great things God had done for him, and to preach the Gospel of love. At this farm in the Transvaal the Army officers were always welcome, for its occupants had found in the love of God that Tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and under the Yellow, Red, and Blue, Boer and Briton were made brothers in Christ.

[Singing together—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!"]



# EVERY-DAY RELIGION

## WHAT CHILDREN OWE THEIR PARENTS.

BY THE GENERAL.

Having given some little attention to the duties that parents owe to their children, it seems but natural that something should now be said about the duties of children to their parents. The obligations on the part of the children to cherish, honor, and obey their parents are so evident as to need no setting forth or explanation here. To mention them will be all that is necessary. Here are a few of them:

1. **TO THEIR PARENTS THEY OWE THE ROOF OF NATURAL LIFE.** They were the means of bringing them into the world. I know that some who read this will be likely to regard that fact as a questionable blessing. Their path may have been so crowded with thorns and brambles that they could wish that they had never been called to tread it. But the remedy is there, the antidote has been provided, and, if accepted, however sorrowful the path may be, the eternity of happiness awaits them in the skies.

### REMEMBER YOUR PARENTS' LABOURS.

2. **CHILDREN ARE INDEBTED TO THEIR PARENTS FOR THE INEXTINGUISHABLE NEEDS AND ANXIETIES CONNECTED WITH THE SUPPLY OF THEIR NEEDS IN THEIR INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.** Here, again, many young people may say that they live in the land of milk and honey, and that they need no such things. Alas! alas! the objection raised by many is only too well founded. Out of 250 Corps-Cadets—that is, young people ranging from thirteen to seventeen—who were gathered at Huddersfield for the purpose of prayer and counsel, it was found, on enquiry, that some eighty of them had the misfortune to have either drunken fathers or drunken mothers. Recall the fact that if one of the parents had gone so far away from duty, the other was standing true—and that, no doubt, with very considerable effort.

As, a rule, mothers and fathers labor with unceasing toil for the benefit of the children, even if their aim goes no further than the supplying of their bodily wants.

### A DIVINE COMMAND.

3. **THE OBLIGATION OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS IS BASED ON NOTHING LESS THAN THE DIRECT COMMANDMENT OF GOD HIMSELF.** "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Exodus xx. 12) What is involved in the honor here commanded? Let me enquire:

1. **IT MUST SIGNIFY RESPECT FOR THEIR AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE TO THEIR COMMANDS.** A man who breaks his laws cannot be said to honor a king, or in respect to a monarch; and a man who with disrespect and indifference, neglects his parents, cannot honor them. Neither can children, young or old, who pursue a similar course of conduct towards them, be said to honor their parents.

2. **It means that God commands children to show to their parents most menial, therefore, neither more nor less than the rendering of a happy obedience to their wishes.**

### CAREFUL OBEDIENCE.

But someone asks me, How far does this obedience to parents extend? To which I reply that I am asked a question which is difficult to answer. I will, I am sure, I think, in saying three things:

It must extend to matters that appear to either son or daughter to be right and honorable—in which case there is no alternative but a cheerful obedience. The doing what your parents may ask from you may be inconvenient, or even hurtful, to your temporal interests; they may involve you in hard and anxious labor; but under circumstances you can reflect on all that those same parents endure for you when you were thrown helpless on the world, and for many years afterwards.

It should extend to the doing or suffering such things as they wish, providing that they do not appear to be actually wrong.

I do not think that this obedience to parents should extend to matters which the Holy Spirit plainly reveals to you to be contrary to righteousness—which means, contrary to the will of God. Obedience to parents can only signify obedience in the Lord.

God could not expect that you should do things, at the wish of your parents, that are contrary to His will. Of course this is a matter that has to be secretly settled at the bar of your own conscience in the presence of God Himself. That that settlement implies disobedience to parents, you must remember that your decision will be tried over again at the bar of God.

### AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

1. **I SHALL BE ASKED AGAIN, HOW LONG IS THIS OBEDIENCE TO LAST?** In my early days, the year of emancipation from the obligation to obey dear father and mother was, by a sort of common consent, fixed at twenty-one. I think the women were supposed to get their freedom a little earlier. The common laws of Great Britain, I know, accept twenty-one for the men, who were

## What is Holiness?

Many answers are given that are true, but inadequate. Possibly a full definition cannot be framed.

### An Irishman Said:

"Holiness is to be clean on the inside." Truth, but not the whole truth. Any moral being with a pure heart is holy; but purity is not all of holiness.

### A Little Girl

gave us this description: "Holiness is that what's inside of you what makes you don't want to sin." This is in a little one's language the same as Mackay Pearce means when he says: "Holiness is the recoil of a pure soul from sin." Correct, as far as it goes. It was holiness of heart that made Joseph shrink from temptation, and respond to the temptation: "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" Holiness is ever positively averse to sin; but it is more than the soul's recoil from the abominable thing.

### A Poetic Orientalist

said: "When the rains have come in the night, and the ground and the cattle and the trees are washed clean, and the sun rising in the morning reveals a drop of water on every blade of grass; and the air breathes fresh: that is holiness." Yes, it is like that. Certainly holiness means the "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The Psalmist was singing of holiness when he said: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth." This is a true poetic description of the happy effects of holiness upon the soul. But holiness is more than its delightful blessings.

### The English Rymologist

says that the word holiness comes from the same root as the words whole, heal, health, &c., and means moral soundness. Correct again, and quite important. It is also quite noteworthy that the German word for holiness (heil) also means health. A holy person is morally healthy.

The preacher makes a perfectly legitimate use of our Lord's question to the impatient man, "What wilt thou be made whole by?" He uses it as a text on holiness, tending it spiritually into the question, "Wilt thou be made holy? Bible holiness is freedom from moral maladies and fulness of moral life. Yet this does not adequately describe holiness.

### The Philosopher

says the holiness in the creature is the moral rectitude of the will and charac-

ter then supposed to be at perfect liberty to conduct themselves as they listed, regardless after that time, of parent's opinion or desire.

In modern days, the age of emancipation from and responsibility to consult the wills and wishes of parents is brought down to a much earlier period, indeed, judging from what I see of the behavior of children to their fathers, and especially to their mothers—to whom they must certainly be the most indebted—I am puzzled, not to know when the age of obedience and respect to parents leaves off, but when it begins! The habit of honoring father and mother seems to be rapidly disappearing from the earth.

But, for my part, I cannot see any possibility of fixing the period of exemption from parental control at twenty-one or any other period. I should say that it lasts down to the hour when father and mother exchange their lives for heaven.

4. **THE EXERCISE OF EVERY REASONABLE EFFORT TO SUPPLY THEIR TEMPORAL NEEDS.**

5. **THE EXERCISE OF EVERY REASONABLE EFFORT TO SUPPLY THEIR TEMPORAL NEEDS.**

6. **IF NOT SAVED, IT MUST INCLUDE EVERY POSSIBLE EFFORT TO SECURE THEIR SALVATION.**

7. **TO WATCH OVER THEIR SOULS, TO CHECK THEIR DECLINING YEARS, AND TO STRENGTHEN THEIR HEARTS UPON THEIR DYING BEDS.**

(To be continued.)

ter in conformity to the divine will and character. Yes; a good explanation, in agreement with that of Andrew Murray: "To be holy is to be god-like. To have a disposition, with a character like God" And Horatius Bonar: "Holiness is likeness to God; to Him Who is the Holy One of Israel; to Him Whom they lived in heaven as 'Holy, holy, holy.' It is likeness to Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, who was born of the Virgin, to Him Who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." True, and every holy person is godlike in disposition and character. Still we have not yet the full explanation.

Against it is said by

### The Theologian:

"Holiness is the divine nature." Very true. At least we may say that the essence of the divine nature does consist principally in holiness. God is essentially, originally, and efficiently holy. "Partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4) and "partakers of his holiness" (1 Peter ii. 10), mean the same thing. All holiness in man and angels is but a crystal stream that flows from the glorious ocean fulness of the divine nature.

Holy as Thou O Lord, is none:

Thy holiness is all Thyself, and is a drop from that unbounded sea. It is ours—a drop derived from Thee.

Still our question is not fully answered. What is this divine nature, this likeness of God of which we are to partake?

This leads to

### Another Answer,

which to this writer is the most comprehensive, explanatory and satisfactory: Holiness is the sum total of all moral goodness. Sometimes it is mentioned as one of the attributes of God—one of the series of characteristics that belong to Him. But, in fact, it is the sum total of all the divine attributes. It is the sum total of all God's moral attributes. The source, the substance and the sum of all His truth, justice, mercy, patience, kindness and every other moral quality of His being, is holiness. As light is the source, and substance, and sum of all the varied and beautiful hues of the rainbow; so God's holiness is the source, and substance, and sum of all His moral beauty. The beauties of the divine character are the beauties of His holiness. This is the infinite Palmetrist of God. Holiness is the supreme expression for that ineffable and inconceivable glory of the Divine Being which constitutes Him the infinite and glorious Lord: "glorious in holiness."

### F. B. Meyer

thus beautifully and correctly describes Holiness: "It is the totality of the Divine attributes: the sum of the Eternal and Infinite Being of the Godhead; the essence of the Deity; the chord made by

the harmonious blending of Divine qualities; the beam woven from the many colors of Divine perfection; the expression in a single term of all that goes to make up the moral nature of the great Spirit Whom we call God."

Holiness is the creature in the same as in the Creator. It is God's holiness. There is no angelic or human virtue but real holiness. There is no true human goodness independent of holiness. As the body without the spirit is dead, so a formal morality without holiness is dead. Holiness is the inspiration, the essence of all the true virtue of a good man. His love to God, his love to man, his justice, his kindness, his peace, his long-suffering, his meekness, his gentleness, his faith, his hope, his love, his joy—these are the beauties of holiness.

If a man be holy in all manner of living he is

### A Perfect Christian.

He may not be a perfect man in every respect; but he is a perfect Christian. He is complete in Christ. That is holiness for us: "the fulness of the blessing of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of His love, and of His peace, be with us all, and with all of you." We are not to seek patience, then humility, then gentleness, then love, &c., &c. But we are to seek the fulness of Christ, Who is made of God into us sanctification, that He may be in us, and we may be in Him, and find Him we find Holiness—the wholeness of the Christian life.

One of our dear brethren and a good writer, has been recently reiterately saying: "Holiness is a life, a character, a holiness." True, and yet let us take heed lest we be bound by narrow conceptions of Holiness. There are many things that do not belong to it. Nevertheless there is in it much more than our definitions of it declare.

## A LEPER'S LOVE.

The following touching story is told by a missionary of India, in the Fatallul Witness:

"Gita is one of our new families—children. Her father, a leper, came to us asking help. We could do little for him, as the town had been declared a leper, and only gave him a little money to buy food. We felt very sorry for the little child, but were at first afraid to take her into the school. Two and a half years ago, when she could only have been about eighteen months old, her mother deserted her and her father, on discovering that the latter was a leper. When they came to us a second time asking help, we took her into the school. The doctor thought it safe for our other children. He examined her and found no trace of disease, and said it was the only means by which she could be saved, as she was sleeping beside her mother, and would catch from her hands constantly. The father was very grateful when we made this offer; but we could see how it pained him to part from the child.

"All our families who come to us in a very dirty condition, but this child, although having only one old piece of rag as covering, was cleaner than even some of the Christian children. The girls were astonished, and questioned her as to who had cared for her. She said, 'My father is a leper, and his hands are so sore he can do no work; but he begs bread and gives it to me to eat, and he keeps my hair clean by

### Holding a Comb in His Teeth

and cleaning it in that way without touching me.'

"We are very fond of her father, and when he came later on to see her, the poor child stood on the school verandah, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and anking around. It was just time for the children to get their meal, so we sent her to the cook-house to bring some freshly-baked bread for him, and that comforted her. She is a sweet, gentle child, and usually very good in school. One day a teacher complained of her being obstinate and not saying her lesson. She was reminded that if she paid attention, by-and-by she would be able to earn money, and then help her father. At once her face brightened, and there was no more trouble.

"She has learned quite a lot in the few months she has been with us; she sings sweet voice, and sings some of the children's hymns very well, and seldom makes a mistake in repeating the verses she has been taught by the big girl who takes care of her."

## TRANSFORMATIONS, MORAL AND SOCIAL, IN THE KOOTENAY CAPITAL.

Short Epistles Written by Revolutionized Characters and Gathered by Adjt. McGill.

"Out of the depths of darkness, misery and woe, into the marvelous light of God's blessed truth, I have been brought by the precious blood of Jesus. I now trust in His mercy and love to give me the aid of His Holy Spirit, and make me a faithful soldier unto the end. I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for the wonderful gift of His only Son, Jesus Christ, that through His precious death, burial, and resurrection, I am saved from all sin. I am continually receiving His grace and strength, which is sufficient to help me in the time of all temptations.—Henry Warion."

Bro. Warton was a slave to drink until two months ago, when he came to the meeting and volunteered right out for salvation. He got gloriously saved, and is now an enrolled soldier.



Ole Thompson and Henry Warton.

The Color-Sergt. comes next: "Dear friends,— I am glad I am saved. It is a year ago this New Year's Eve since I knelt at the penitent form at Nelson and asked God to save me, and He has kept me going on ever since. I find there is joy in serving God day by day. He has given me victory over drink and tobacco, which used to bind me down. Ever since I left Norway, about twelve years ago, I always made up my mind to lead a different life every New Year's, but I always failed till God saved me. I find day by day, as long as I put my trust in Jesus, He will keep me through to the end. My desire is to see you make a start in this same path, and I know God will keep you. Ole Thompson."



John Hammond.

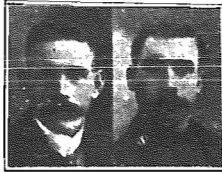
Next, a War Cry boomer and coming bandsman:

"Dear friends,— I rejoice in the knowledge that my sins, which were so many, are all forgiven and the past is under the blood. I am thankful to God that He ever showed me my lost condition, and gave me the desire to come and seek this wonderful salvation. I am glad that I came to the place where I saw that the resolutions I made in my own strength were utter failures, and I am thankful that I awoke to the fact that the very road to hell is paved with good resolutions. I believe there are souls in hell to-day who depended on good resolutions to keep them. I find real happiness in serving and doing God's will, and my desire is to help and to bring others into this same path which leads to eternal glory and happiness. Come and serve our God and you will be happy. John Hammond."

"To whom it may concern: I do praise God, ever since I have been converted, for near three years now, and I can say I never regretted the stand I had taken. I had to do my part, that was to be willing to give up everything—even my whole services—and that was the time He

spoke peace to my soul, and that peace I still enjoy. Thank God. And the same experience is for you, sinners—friend. Come to God to-day. I am, Yours respectfully, John Munroe."

Bro. Munroe is an employee of the city, overseeing watermains, etc., and is known as a Salvationist wherever he goes.



Adolph Reed and John Munroe.

Bro. Reed comes next: "It is now eight months since I gave my heart to God and began to fully trust Him, and accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. For many years I tried to find peace and happiness in this world and its pleasures, but it was all in vain: I could never find anything that would satisfy my soul, and I knew all the time that I was going wrong. But there seemed to be so many things in this world to hold me back from coming out for God. At last I began to feel very miserable and I could find no rest, and I tell you that I was in a bad condition, although I was well and healthy as far as my physical health was concerned, but I felt that I was a lost sinner, and I knew if I was to die in that condition I was lost for ever. Then I began to pray to God for help, and bless His holy name for ever. He heard me and He saved me and forgave all my sins, and set me a free man. Now I find it a pleasure to serve God. To-day it is my desire, with the help of God, to go on and fight to the end. Yours truly in Christ Jesus, Adolph B. Reed."

Bro. Reed works in the mountains among unsaved workmates, and stands firm for his Master. (To be continued.)

## MOSES MOSSBACK AT THE UNVALEIN'.

Here Mister Editor,— I have bin so lizzy since I rote yer last that I axent do time to write yer till now. But I must tel yer about ther Salvation armies doins up this way. Ther Adjutant annunced ther wud be a grate unvaling of a paintin on the wall.

See I ter myself, I must see it. So ther Gursday followin I was there, an see a site. I had jest got in the barracks wen in kem sum loddies dressed in different costumes—there was India, Afrika, Canada, Australia, Japan, Denmark, United States, Germany, and Brittaina, who looked elegant wif her

septer and large sheeld; then ther wuz a little sojer boy and sater gurl, wich I overheard represented the Naval and Military League.

Their leader, Mrs. Mayor Southall, led off with the song, "All round the world the Army chariot rolls," and jest as they got the korus down fald a big sheet from the wall at the back, and there before me gase was a beautifal paintin of ther hull world, wid all the kountres as well as the oshuns marked on it, also hys mottoes and flags painted on't, "as yer ken see by ther fotograf a fren' o' mine tals yer."

Then wen the people, including myself, got over the first surprise of the unvaling, the people on the platform sung solows and giv ther testimonies in ther native languages. Of course ther wuz sum English speaking, tew, wich I could understand bet'er'n the rest.

But the little boy and gurl that I referred to tuk the cake. I don't know wether they et it or not. The boy sung about the flag with the star in the scouter, and the gurl sung "Thru out the lifeline." It war good, I can tel yer. I got a pictor, too, of ther boy dressed as he wuz, wich I beleve the Editor will stick in ther War Cry fer me. I reckon as ev' that meetin reflected grate credit on the leader and the wimin officers as got it up.

As yer seen the hall, Mister Editor? It's a bonette. The tin phister fer mettlesooling, as they call it, sets it off fine, an see a fine gallery, tew, it's jest all right, and light and komfortable. The Army, peers ter me, is gettin alouz nicey up this way, and it seems that the soldier about the other time they are, specially in the soul-savine line.

I guess I'll eloze now fer this time, so gud buy for the present. I am yer umbel servant,—Moses Mossback.

Bro. Thompson, Assistant at Army Farm.

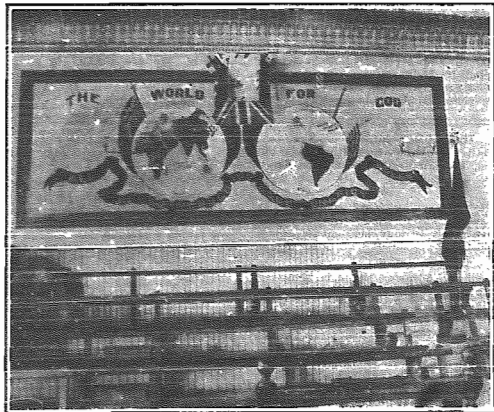
He helps to bring cheer to many homes by delivering the coal to Toronto, sea in connection with this Black Sack Scheme.



The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are: Good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness, and exercise and rest.

If we could sweep intemperance out of the country there would be hardly enough poverty left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses.—Phillips Brooks.

Men and women who are always reminding you that "business must be attended to," "health must be considered," friends must be pleased, and the cashing interests of themselves and everybody about them must be looked after, will be of precious little service in the fight.—The General.



The Painting Over the Platform, Winnipeg Barracks.

## THE CHANCELLOR AND CASHIER AT CARMAN, MAN.

As we looked out of the car window and saw the sun-dogs, we thought sure it would be nothing but blizzards and snow for our week-end at Carman. But we were agreeably surprised: it cleared up nicely. The officers met us at the station, and took us off to Bro. McCullough's, where a good, hot dinner awaited us. We were also given to understand we should see our pictures after dinner, as painted by the S. A. local artist. Of course, we got anxious, and when we came to the spot, "My, what a surprise!"

We could hardly surmise the shock. The Adjutant had jet black hair, what there was of it, and your humble servant's was red, and both our faces likewise. Of course it was magnified for the special benefit of the War Cry readers, trusting our friends will recognize us. What a pity cameras don't take colors.

The meeting that night was an old-time free-and-easy, up-to-date, soldiers all on an even and ready to jump up and give their testimony.

Next day, Sunday, the meetings were well attended. A large crowd turned out at 7 a.m. knee-drill for a good start. But the night meeting was the crowning time. When the march got back to the barracks it was already full, and some of the soldiers went out and brought in more chairs from the Orange Hall, and the refreshment and a few testimonies. Three comrades, Bro. and Sister McCullough and Sister McIntyre, stepped forward to be enrolled. After the Adjutant had given a straight talk on the work and privileges of a soldier, and the nobilities of the worldwide Army, they were enrolled, the comrades giving them a hearty welcome to the corps by firing a long and loud volley.

The Adjutant's subject was "To be well born," making it plain to his hearers that the advantages were in being well born both temporally and spiritual, especially the second birth, as it was to a great extent left to the persons themselves whether they were born well and strong or weak and feeble. It had the desired effect, and soon after the invitation was given six souls knelt at the penitent form, and claimed victory through the blood, and while the angels in heaven rejoiced, we too, praised God for His presence and power manifested in our midst.

May God continue to bless the Carman corps, who are a blood-and-fire crowd.—Geo. Smith, Capt.

## CAPTAIN HAAS VISITS HELENA.

Capt. Haas, Financial Special of the Salvation Army, paid a flying visit to Helena during the latter part of January. While here the Captain was pressed into service, and led the meetings at the local corps, which were well attended. In her first discourse the Captain told, in her usual delightful way, what she thought constituted the duties of good soldiers, and said in part: "I am going to stand firmly at my post, and when I die I want to be in the front rank, with my face to the enemy." As a further illustration of her subject, the Captain told a very beautiful and touching incident of the late Civil War, which so captivated the old soldiers that they wrote the officer a letter of thanks in behalf of the Grand Army Post of Helena, and bid her welcome to the city. The letter took the Captain completely by surprise, but, like a true soldier, she was equal to the occasion, came nobly to the front, thanked the old soldier in the most eloquent terms for the letter, and said she would keep it as a souvenir of her visit to Helena. "I am the daughter of an old soldier myself," she said, "and whatever contribution to the welfare of the old soldiers—remnants of a once mighty army—adds a link in the chain of my own happiness." The Captain is a woman of fine accomplishments and we were delighted with her. May the Lord of heaven bless her, and may white-winged angels of peace and purity watch over and guide her footsteps. Is the prayer of Helena Post G. A. R.—John McDonald.





# MONTREAL'S GREATEST S. A. TRIUMPH.

## The Commissioner Conducts Three Great Gatherings in Windsor Hall.

### Large Influential Crowds—Souls at the Cross—Commissioner's Visit Greatly Appreciated—Knights of the Red Cross Captivated Audience.

REPORTED BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

"It is not to be wondered at that large crowds gather wherever Miss Booth is announced to speak. Her name is a household one on two continents.

"Converted at the age of six years, she at once evinced a strong desire to help in the glorious work for which her family has won such great distinction. Her first effort spread the good cause was to go about, when but a mere tot, and sell War Crys. At the age of twenty, Miss Booth, with heart full of pity for the hordes of suffering poor in London, was going through the slums there, comforting, first physically, and afterwards trying to lead to Christ.

#### Has Gone to Prison.

"Miss Booth has shown the sincerity of her love of going to prison for it. As is known, a strong feature of the Salvation Army is its parades, and also its bands. The municipal council of Torquay, a health resort in the South of England, decided that it did not want brass bands and Salvation Army parades, and so passed an enactment forbidding them. This fired the heart of the young worker, and forming a procession, she walked by the streets, and included the streets of the place, calling upon the lost to join the grandest Army in the world—the Army that led to salvation.

The mobs at Torquay were so incensed at the action of the young girl that they attacked both her and her small Army with sticks and stones. The authorities, claiming she had infringed the law, had her arrested. She fought the case to a determined end, but finally the magistrate repealed the obnoxious enactment. During a most serious riot at Eastbourne she nobly stood by her band of followers, refusing to flee to safety when her life was in actual danger.

"Such is the history of this noble lady whom the large audience listened so attentively to last night in the Windsor Hall."

So ran brief excerpts from the Montreal Star, which, with other city papers, had reported the Commissioner's visit at length.

The keen disappointment caused by the postponement of the Commissioner's visit, through her sudden and serious illness, was somewhat modified by the assurance that the Commissioner would visit Montreal two weeks from the first date proposed. Consequently expectation and anticipation had deepened into the intensest interest, so that when the Commissioner stepped upon the platform of the beautiful Windsor Hall, she found a large and enthusiastic audience awaiting her arrival. The greeting accorded the Commissioner evidenced the high esteem in which the chief of the Salvation Army is held by the citizens of the Army in our Dominion, and the appreciation they felt for the effort she had made, through physical suffering, to keep her appointment.

After the preliminaries, Brigadier Puginne read the appended address of welcome, supplementing the written address with warm words of admiration for the Commissioner's work and explanation of her weak condition.

#### Address of Welcome

Montreal, Que.,

Feb. 10th, 1901.

Dear Commissioner,

We are delighted to have the pleasure of welcoming you back to our city. We treasure very pleasant recollections of your last visit, on which occasion this large, beautiful building in which we are now gathered was packed to the doors. We have followed you since then, in your journeys across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and rejoice over the many triumphs of His grace that God has been pleased to give you. We endorse the mission of the Salvation Army, which you have the honor to represent in our fair Dominion. We

believe in its General, the founder of the movement, whose influence for God enriches the world.

We know a little about your toils in London's dark slums, your gael visitations, and your compassion for the suffering and oppressed of all kinds. And as their leader, your brave officers, who have consecrated their lives for the amelioration of mankind, welcome you. Your faithful, devoted, and self-sacrificing soldiers welcome their Commissioner. The admirers and supporters of the Salvation Army gathered here welcome Miss Booth, the philanthropist, the friend of the poor.

Signed on behalf of the officers, soldiers, and friends of the city.

J. S. and M. Puginne,

Provincial Officers.

The Montreal people were intensely sympathetic. So much was the Commissioner impressed with their deep sympathy that, after her opening remarks in which she responded graciously to the cordial reception given her, she urged upon the audience not to think of her, as she hoped now that her strength would not fail her, and for an hour and fifteen minutes she held them with spell-bound and breathless interest.

From the Witness report I call the following:

#### A BROKEN LINK.

Large Audiences Heard Miss Booth's Addresses Yesterday.

"Miss Eva Booth, the Salvation Army Commissioner for Canada, was greeted with applause when she appeared in the Windsor Hall yesterday before the large audiences which gathered to hear her in both afternoon and evening meetings. The Commissioner has not yet quite recovered from the effects of her late illness, and her voice is weak, but the audience gave her a quiet attention, which made it possible to hear her without difficulty.

"Miss Booth speaks with eloquence and not a little dramatic power, and her varied knowledge of human experience—from the prison cell to the military training room—enables her to tell telling illustrations on every point.

"In the afternoon she spoke on 'A Broken Link,' basing the subject on the words of the prodigal son: 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' The speaker dwelt on the inestimable advantages of a good home. If we could boast more Christian homes in the land, there would be fewer prisons and jails. The complete circle of a happy family was likened to a chain, and when the prodigal went out from his home to follow his own course it was a link broken. Every one in the world received a portion, it might be many talents or few. It was a common excuse to think that if we had the talent and opportunities of some one else we should do more than with our own, but for the use we made of our portion we should be held responsible.

"It was unique, splendid. I have enjoyed it much," said a leading city clergyman to me as I hastened from the hall. "But it is too much strain for Miss Booth in her present weary condition."

#### Windsor Hall Re-Filled.

The brilliant lights of this magnificent audience chamber shone upon a bright

assemblage at seven o'clock. Long before the hour announced the place was packed with an eager, expectant crowd. The Commissioner again rose splendidly to the occasion, continuing the subject of the afternoon, and poured out living, burning truths clothed in eloquent language. The attention of the listeners was riveted as the Commissioner depicted scenes after scenes from human life, introducing graphic and thrilling metaphors and similes of her logical reasoning upon sin and its consequences. The Commissioner concluded her forceful address with searching, piercing questions, urging upon all an immediate decision for God, truth, and righteousness, to which nine souls responded in the prayer meeting which followed.

#### Knights of the Red Cross.

"A grand, a magnificent climax," was Brigadier Puginne's opinion warmly expressed when speaking of the Commissioner's campaign. "Surpasses all previous records," he continued. "This, I think was the verdict of all who were privileged to be present at the 'finale' of the Montreal campaign."

He described this gathering in quotations from the Witness' report:

#### KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

Miss Eva Booth Gives an Outline of Army Work—A Splendid Address Heard by Many People.

"A large audience greeted Miss Booth again in the Windsor Hall last evening and listened with closest interest to her magnificent address on the 'Knights of the Red Cross.' This service was undoubtedly the climax, as well as the final one of the series. It was by a herculean effort that Miss Booth had got through Sunday's engagements, but she seemed to have gained much additional strength last night, and the result was most inspiring."

Brigadier Puginne conducted the opening exercises and Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, chief secretary of the Army's Social operations in Canada, offered the invocation. On the platform were the Revs. E. B. Gruchy, Ducloux, Hubly, McCarter, and Prof. Villard, as well as a large number of officers and soldiers and the brass band of the local corps. Just previous to Miss Booth's address the Brigadier sang 'Wonderful Words of Life,' and remarked that the last time he sang it in one of the Commissioner's meetings it was in the Central Prison, Toronto, when forty-one prisoners stood up for prayer. The Commissioner on rising to speak, was greeted with a volley of hand-clapping. She was not here, she said, to introduce the Salvation Army. During the thirty odd years of its existence it had made impressions through its gallant officers and soldiers that would never be obliterated and had done a work that needed no apology. She was kept so busy with the work that she had little time to stop to talk about what was being done.

#### Practical Religion.

"Miss Booth divided her address into three parts: 'Whence come we? Where are we? and Whither bound?' Under the first head she explained that the Army was made up of all classes of people. Some had been dragged out of the lowest depths of misery and degradation. After they were polished they were found to be diamonds. Others came from the slums, the college, the mansion, the counting-house, the farm; and, being composed of all classes, the Army was wonderfully adapted to reach all classes. In illustration of her statement the speaker related several very touching instances of homes transformed, drunkards converted, and distress relieved. The explanation of the thought, Where are we? Miss Booth would say, Where are we needed? The Army took its stand up on sorrow, evil, and want, with agencies, schemes and efforts to alleviate the world's woe.

Parading was not all the Army did; the street meeting, which she loved, and which had done incalculable good, was but one of many agencies employed to meet the masses and the classes. She told of drunkards, gamblers, abandoned persons, and would-be suicides, who had been rescued through open-air work. Prison reformatory, and hospital visitation was another grand work carried on by the League of Mercy with the most gratifying results. The Army, she remarked, had access to almost every prison in the Dominion outside of Quebec Province, and they hoped yet to get in here. They had nearly converts enough in some prisons, saved since their incarceration, to form a corps. When prisoners came out they were met by the Army, and situations found for them. The work of the Men's Shelters, Rescue Homes, etc., was also dealt with in a most interesting manner. After telling marvelous tales of the redemption of wayward boys and girls, the Commissioner concluded her address by saying that she thought that of all the attributes of Diety 'Mercy' was the best. 'Whither Bound?' The bow of every Army ship was headed for the port of heaven; she hoped all present would get on board.

"Willie and Pearl, who were introduced as Miss Booth's armor-bearers, sang 'The Soldier's Song' and delighted the audience with bar drills, flag drills, and a duet. It was explained that Miss Booth's weak condition was accountable for the absence of her harp and the cancellation of the 'soldiers' concert' which she had intended holding tonight. The meeting closed with the benediction, and Miss Booth left by the 10:30 train for Toronto.

## PEACEMAKERS.

(To our front-page.)

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9.

Peacemaking is not always an enviable work. One who attempts it is frequently considered partial, but it is a position that angels might well envy.

What a trivial thing a thistle seed is; a thousand may be blown away in a wren whistling in the wind, and a soldier would notice the difference. So often trivial things come between friends and sow the seed of distrust, spoiling the lives of both. Beware of rash words; have judgments; of quickly pronounced opinions!

The weeds of jealousy, envy, pride, misunderstanding, etc., sown grow up into a hedge between two hearts and embitter them first to each other and then to the world, as they find the two lives are turned from each other and from God. No man can hold grudges against his brother and continue to love God and serve Him faithfully.

The business of Salvationists is to effect a reconciliation between estranged parties. It is essential before their salvation can be attempted. The Bible is plain about it. "First he reconciled to your brother," etc.

It is of the greatest importance that there should be no estrangement between Salvation soldiers. "Oh, there are surely, among Salvationists!" you exclaim.

Well, we wish there were none, but we know that there are some occasionally. Now, there can be no true revival while there is discord among brethren. Every effort must be made to bring about a reconciliation between comrades. Let there be no discordant note in the harmony of the Salvation family you belong to, but see to it that you do your part to keep the instrument in tune.

Misunderstandings lead often to backsliding if allowed to continue. Many a broken-hearted backslider can testify to that fact. The largest percentage of backsliders have to put some wrong thought to rest, or they did not receive acceptance with God. To work, then, comrades, with axe and hatchet, to cut down the hedge of prejudices and hindrance, until brother is reconciled to brother, and "peace on earth" is no longer a blessed promise only.



Pl. St. Charles C'Brien: "Bustle along; we must catch this train to get to the Windsor Hall to hear Miss Booth."

# REPORTS OF THE BATTLES OF THE SOULS

## One Hundred and Twenty-Six Souls Reported by 43 Corps this Week.

### A LANTERN SERVICE "FIFTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO."

**Twenty-one Souls on Sunday Night at Tweed—Out of 95 Souls Saved at Dauphin, 45 Became soldiers.**

#### REPORTS ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

##### The Lord Is Saving.

**AURORA.**—On Sunday we had some old time Salvation meetings, and the Lord made bare His arm and the salvation of one precious soul. After the meeting a gentleman came in and donated five dollars for the load of wood, which cheered our hearts very much, for our wood was almost gone. God bless the giver in our prayer.—C.W. Peacock, J.S. Trevis.

##### Brigadier Sharp Farewells.

**BAY ROBERTS.**—On Sunday Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp paid their farewell visit to the Bay Roberts corps. They were accompanied by Adjutant Cave and Ensign Hisscock. The attendance was not as large as it would have been owing to the stormy weather, but those who were present felt well repaid by the mind and soul food which God enabled the Brigadier to give to us through His word. One soul came forward. The Bay Roberts soldiers and friends are very sorry to part with Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp. The island's loss will be the gain of some other Province. Your humble servant has had the privilege, after nearly ten years' absence, to pay a visit to the land of his birth, and was in a great joy to see the dear old comrades, after years of real warfare, still in the fight, and their real bet for the cause of God and the war.—J. Mercer, Captain.

##### After Seven Years.

**BLENHEIM.**—Captain Mathers is not behind the times. Wednesday we had a special meeting and gingerbread social, which was a success. Ensign Howcroft, Lieut. Edwards, and the comrades from Bridgeown assisted. This is an old water-gate of the Ensign's, seven years' worth looking better than ever. The Ensign kept the pot boiling in the testimonies, and spoke from Jer. 12: 5. Some were heard to remark "it seems good to have the old preacher back." We had beautiful meetings on Sunday led by Capt. Mathers, and one backslider returned to the fold. We are pleased to see a marked improvement in the get up of the War Cry, the New Year's Cry being the best yet.—Ina Groom.

##### The War Cry Appreciated.

**BRIDGETOWN, N. S.**—You will remember to me shortly after arriving here about a week ago; yes, I agree it is a bit hard at present, but taking courage from the word the Lord said to Abraham: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" we went to work leading God was with us. On Monday night, one sister, who had been a backslider for some time, came and knelt at the cross, and cried for mercy and God saved her. She attended the open-air and inside meeting on Tuesday night, and spoke of God's saving power, and expressed a determination to follow Jesus all the way. "It is impossible to sell out the War Cry here in the winter time," said another comrade. Jesus said: "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." Two sisters took the War Cry and by the help of God sold them all. The Bridgetown people love the War Cry.—T. McWilliams, Lieut.

##### Specials from the West.

**BRIGGS.**—We had with us Saturday night and all day Sunday, Captain J. Mercer of Manitoba, who is home for a few weeks, accompanied by his much loved sister, who is a Salvationist. The meetings were well attended, and two souls sought salvation at night.—A. J. Stickland, Captain.

##### "Achah, the Troubler."

**CAMPBELLFORD.**—Our new G. B. M. Agent, Capt. Poole, was with us for two nights conducting a lantern service, and a straight Salvation meeting, the subject being "Achah, the Troubler." It was enjoyed by many, and is present. The Captain got four boxes out while here and appointed a new agent. We all join in welcoming him to our corps and shall be pleased to see him again. We also had a visit from our District Officer Adj. Babbington. A good number were present considering the weather, and the collection was excellent. There was much conviction and we are believing for a smash in the devil's ranks soon. Slim Jim.

##### Four Precious Souls.

**DAINTYMOON.**—There was deep conviction on Sunday and God rewarded our faith on Monday night when four precious souls knelt at the Saviour's feet and found pardon. Capt. McElhenny knows how to dance when souls get saved. We are believing for greater victories in the future.—K.

##### Our First Anniversary.

**DAUPHIN, MAN.**—The first anniversary of the Dauphin corps was held on Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., commencing Jan. 20th. The meetings were led by the Chancellor, Adj. Cass, assisted by Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond and Brother Oliver, of Winnipeg. We had a blessed time. God came very near. The results were good, which can be set forth as follows: four adults and five children for salvation, and five for sanctification. Finances were good, and enabled us to clear all expenses, also pay the debt of the corps. During the past year ninety-five souls have been saved and forty-nine are enrolled. Praise the Lord. We are advancing, and we are going to make, by the help of Jehovah, the coming year the best we ever knew. We all enjoyed very much the visit of our specials, and were glad to have them. We are all glad to have them right in the event of their coming again.—Hector Haskirk, Capt.

##### Our New Leaders.

**DILLON, MONT.**—Although you have not heard from us for a long time, we are having victory. Capt. and Mrs. Brown forwarded on the 13th ult. Lieut. Boyser and Cadet Solild have taken their place. We were sorry to part with our late leaders, but must submit ourselves to God's direction. Since the arrival of our new officers we have had four out for salvation. We give God all the glory, and are still praying for souls.—S. M.

##### In for a Successful Siege.

**DILLON, MONT.**—Many inestimable blessings were purchased for us by the cross. Experience is claimed to be the test of truth, and we have indeed proved that "yesterday, to-day, for ever, Jesus is the same." In a recent meeting a comrade testified to having received the witness of cleansing during the past twenty-four hours, after seeking it two years. Three other spoke of the blessings received in the healing of their body; two other brothers also got sanctified recently, while within the past two weeks three sinners have got converted to God. The devil is getting mad, but God is on our side and we are sure to win. We are preparing our guns, ammunition, and ammunition, and all requisites necessary for a successful Siege. With faith in God we shall come out on top.—Lieuts. Boyser and Solild.

##### Twenty-eight at the Cross.

**FORTUNE.**—Since taking charge here we have had the joy of seeing four souls saved, and twenty-four seeking full salvation. We had a soup-supper on Thursday night and although it was very stormy, \$11.50 was raised. The soldiers and friends are painting the barracks inside. The people are very kind to us. God bless them.—J. Bangs, Capt.

##### Two were Enrolled.

**GLACE BAY.**—United memorial service for our late beloved comrade was held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning. Rev. Messrs. Fisher, Archibald, and Hart addressed the meeting. In our meeting at night in the Victoria Hall, special reference was made to the Christian character and death of our beloved Sovereign. We have been favored with a lying visit from our D. O., who is preparing the way for the visit of our Commissioner. The Adjutant, who, we are sorry to learn, has few farewell orders, gave us a meeting, and enrolled two converts under the flag.—Sergeant Major.

##### A Good Week's Work.

**GRAND BANK.**—The past week has been a blessed one. On Sunday God was with us in power, and two sisters came to Him for pardon. On Tuesday night a backslider came home and on Wednesday we had a banquet. A number of officers were in from the District. After tea five commissions, a number of Sergeants, and the visiting officers assisted in the meeting. Thursday afternoon was the time appointed for Sergeant Major Parsons and T. W. Butt to be united. A crowd rushed to the barracks from all parts of the island, and many performed the ceremony, after which we had a children's tea. There were about one hundred and eighty present at this, and what a time we did have. We raised the magnificent sum of \$52. The friends came nobly to our help.—Ensign Cooper.

##### A Successful Outpost Meeting.

**HALIBURTON, ONT.**—The Salvation Army is not yet permanently established in this place, yet we have some new friends, Capt. Capper and Lieut. Brown, of Kilmount Circle, assisted by Bro. Lucas, of this place, held two meetings, 22nd and 23rd of January. On the first night the Captain gave a lecture on the social work of the Salvation Army. This, with some music and song, made up a very interesting meeting, and in the collection the people gave over \$8. The following night a salvation meeting was held, and though the results were not so good, yet we believe the effort will not lose its reward in eternity. The collection was splendid. The people were the very essence of kindness, and our earnest prayer is that God will abundantly bless them. Special mention must be made of Bro. Lucas, who so ably arranged the meetings. He is a true Salvationist, and having returned to his home in Haliburton, after twelve years' absence, a full-fledged and uniformed soldier, he has gained the highest esteem and confidence of the people, and is a living epistle speaking volumes for the work of the grand Salvation Army.—J. C. Capt.

##### Four Good Cases.

**HANT'S HARBOR.**—Our soldiers are on fire and souls are getting saved. We finished up this week with four good cases, who are going to be soldiers. God is with us in power.—B. Harris, Capt.

##### Twenty-one Seekers.

**JAMESTOWN, N. D.**—The Red-Iot Brigade has come and gone, but the influence of the meeting must still be felt. For one week special meetings were held afternoon and night, and God's Spirit was poured out upon the people. Christians who had got cold were revived and sinners saved. There were about twenty out to the penitents' table for salvation and sanctification. The barracks were filled each night, and many testified to the blessings received during the special meetings. On their return from Hiram the Brigade stopped off for two meetings, and one more received the light.—E. H.

##### Good Meetings.

**KEMPTVILLE.**—We had good meetings all day on Sunday. Bro. Whitaker was with us. We appreciate his help very much. Croyds are good, and we are believing for souls. Through Christ we shall conquer.—Lena Newell.

##### Knee-Drill Doubled.

**KENTVILLE, N. S.**—The meetings yesterday (Sunday) were better than usual. The knee-drill was doubled. In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Gahler rendered some valuable assistance. The evening was devoted to a memorial service, and we were blessed together in reviewing the life of our noble Queen.—A. Jess, R. C.

##### Three at Once.

**LEWISTON, IDAHO.**—We are receiving showers of blessings from God. Six souls have sought salvation since last report, three coming out to the penitents' form at once. They are all taking their stand as good soldiers. The weather is cold but we are having good attendance at our open-air services, and good attendance inside. Our coffee supper was a complete success. We cleared the next little sum due \$20, for which we thank the people of Lewiston and Clarkston very much. May God bless them.—Herbert Kemp.

##### Having the Droppings—Now for the Showers.

**LIGASAT ST.**—We had real, old-time, up-to-date, red-hot, soul-inspiring meetings all day on Sunday last, led by the King's Own Band, who did splendidly. Lieutenant Hart led off in his old style, and these associations went in for all they were worth to get souls saved. We wound up with three souls at the Cross. Praise God. This is a good prelude to our fifteen days' revival campaign. May the Lord revive us and may sinners be converted to Him.—S. McFarland, I.C.

##### Five Sought the Blessing.

**MEDICINE HAT.**—Since last report a few have sought the cleansing stream. We also had a visit from our D. O., Adj. Thomas. The holiness meeting on Sunday was a time of blessing. God came very near and five sought the blessing of a clean heart. Our prayer is that God will save the people of Medicine Hat.—A. H.

##### The New Century Flag.

**MINOT, N. D.**—Capt. Gamble was with us on Sunday. At night he presented the new century flag to the corps. God's Spirit strove with the sinners, but no one yielded. One dear brother told the writer during the week that he would have to get saved. He has been very miserable during this meeting. We claim his soul, and believe the devil will be defeated ere long.—Mrs. F. C. Parker, Sergt.

##### A Musical Festival.

**MISSOULA.**—On Thursday night we had a coffee and cake social. Various kinds of music were given by the soldiers. All enjoyed the evening's entertainment, and went home satisfied.—J. H. F.

##### A Farewell.

**NANAIMO, B. C.**—Capt. Hurst, who is home resting, led the meeting on Sunday night. We enjoyed her singing very much. Brother Lorimer, the correspondent from this place, has bid us farewell for Fernie. We shall miss him very much, as he was one of those who could have helped us in our work. May the Lord bless him in his new surroundings. Is the prayer of his comrades here.—Charlie McDonald.

##### Six Souls Sought Salvation.

**NEEPAWA.**—Since last report we have had the joy of pointing six souls to the "Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sins of the world." We had Evangelist Henson with us on the Sunday afternoon. God came very near and six were saved. One of them was with us yesterday. He is an old-time Methodist, has a good testimony of the saving and keeping power of God, and is not afraid to give it.—Reg Cor.

##### A Visit from the T. F. S.

**NORLAND.**—Since last report our soul has sought salvation, and is taking her stand nobly. "Hallelujah! Ensign Perry, the Training Financial Officer, has paid us his first visit, and although the crowd was not very large, yet God blessed his visit to us, and we shall look forward with pleasure to another visit from him. May God bless him in his new office. Keep close from your obedient servant.—Reggie Henson, Type.

## Keep Believing, Soldiers.

**NORTH SYDNEY, C. B.**—Sunday was a stormy day, consequently our crowds were small, but a beautiful spirit prevailed among the soldiers. On Monday night, while the Captain went to meet the officers coming from the "Mines," Mrs. Thompson held the meeting. She read from Timothy 1, 15. The few who were present felt almost persuaded to come to Jesus, but again settled down in that same spiritual indifference which shows itself so plainly in our midst. Wednesday night was a repetition of Monday, the meeting led by Mrs. Thompson resulted in one backslider returning to God. She testified, prayed, wept, and even danced. Hal-luh-jah! Thursday night Adjt. Powell, our District Officer, paid a visit. He is one of the old-time rangers. Although it was a stormy night, we had quite a number inside to listen to the bright, pleasant, and intelligent discourse he gave. One backslider, who was earnestly pleaded with that night, came next night and got properly saved. We are much disappointed over the Commissioner's postponed visit.—N. Martell, Treas.

## A Sermon on Drink.

**WINDENBURG.**—Sunday we caroled our praises to "Him," one of the deacons' gentlemen, spoke on the afternoon on the drink, and he believed that the time would soon come when women could vote against it. Lieut. Ruffledge and two Prescott comrades looked on the meek and lowly Jesus had a blessed time. "Victory," is our motto.

"Workless faith God never regards,  
Faithless work God never rewards."

## Two More Happy Homes.

**PARIS.**—Since the Soul-Saving Troupe visited us we have had some real good times. The revival has not ceased. Last Sunday night two sought salvation when the Spirit of the Lord has been striving with for a long time. One had been convicted of sin ever since the Army first came to Paris. These are good cases, and their testimonies and appearance in the open-air have caused the devil to look in amazement. Their wives both got saved while the Troupe was here a few weeks ago, which has made two more happy homes in Paris. On Thursday night we had the pleasure of seeing another prodigal coming home to the Saviour. A complete change has taken place here. Truly God has been our helper, and to Him ascribe all the glory.—J. S. S.-M. W. McLaughlin.

## God's Spirit Spoke Loudly.

**PETERHOLM.**—Our meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday were conducted by Adjt. Woodruff, in the absence of Adjt. Rabbington, who was leaving at Campbellford. God's Spirit spoke loudly to the unconverted, and two precious souls sought the Saviour.—Nellie Smith, R. C.

## Ensign Pugh Ill with the Grippe.

**PICOTON.**—Ensign Pugh has been suffering from an attack of the grippe, and in consequence has been compelled to leave the duties of affairs to Mrs. Pugh and Lieut. Jewell. The Ensign managed to get down to the soldiers' meeting held at the quarters on Tuesday evening. His face cheered the heart of all comrades when Sunday's meetings were conducted by Mrs. Pugh and the Lieutenant, ably assisted by the soldiers. The special collection on Sunday night amounted to \$5.50. We mean victory in Picoton.—Lillie Love.

## A Temperance Meeting.

**PICOTON.**—Last Thursday night a temperance meeting was held in the Salvation Army barracks. Many testified to the service and power of "God." Our dear old Sergeant-Major told how once, under the influence of drink, he would have murdered his wife and family, but for his mother's prayers. He knew she was praying for him, and she was his mother's enemy. Treas. Areham, and Bro. Sturmy also spoke of what God had done for them. Bro. Dan Phillips loved the whiskey so well that he sometimes had fifteen drinks before breakfast, but God had taken the desire for him now. Sergt. Jewell's reading was good, and J. S. S.-M. DeWitt's was short and sweet. Ensign and Mrs. Pugh sang very nicely, also Lieut. Jewell. The Ensign read just one of God's best verses: "Wine is a mocker," etc. Sunday, all day, the meetings were good. God was near and spoke to many, but none would yield.—Lillie Love.

## Crowds are Increasing.

**PORT HOPE.**—Souls are getting saved. Since last report six have knelt at the Mercy Seat and received pardon. Soldiers' and holiness meetings are times of inspiration and power, and the crowds are increasing. We are giving God the glory and marching on to greater victories.—Mary Crozier, Lieut.

## Five in the Fountain.

**RICHMOND ST.**—God is leading us on to victory. We had five souls in the Fountain Sunday night. We are preparing for the Siege, and praying for victory, which we believe God will give us.—M. J. Langridge.

## The Gramophone.

**SCILLY COVE.**—Ensign Brown, with the gramophone, was with us on Wednesday and Thursday. His visit was exceedingly appreciated by all present. We are believing for a big smash ere long in the enemy's ranks.—Lieut. Care.

## Dorcas Auxiliary Band.

**SIMCOE.**—Adjt. Blackburn has started a "Dorcas Auxiliary Band," which is made up of sisters and friends of the corps. The first meeting held by the corps, The first meeting held by the corps, took place last Thursday night. A good crowd was present, and the meeting proved successful in every way. The members are to be congratulated on the excellent program they had prepared for the occasion, which everyone present seemed delighted with. They also had on sale a splendid assortment of needle, crochet, and other fancy work, made and

tion was given in the first prayer meeting and two souls came out right away. The prayer meeting was kept up for about four hours (with a few intervals for testimony) until twenty-one souls sought salvation. About forty, in all, have professed conversion in a little over two weeks. To God be all the glory. A good number are taking their place in the march and on the platform.—Wm. Jones, Ensign.

## Fifty Degrees Below Zero.

**EXBIDGE.**—We welcomed Ensign Perry, our new T. P. S., on Saturday, Feb. 2nd. A special lantern service, entitled "50° Below Zero; or, The Salvation Army in the Klondike," was given, which proved a help and blessing to all. The meetings on Sunday were also conducted by the Ensign, assisted by Capt. Rose. God came very near, and His Spirit strove mightily with the people. While we were closing up to go home, one of our Indian comrades, a man of God, told us that God had given him the witness that souls would be saved. We continued the prayer meeting and two backsliders came home and took their stand for God.—Lieut. Minnis.

## The Red-Hot Brigade.

**VALLEY CITY.**—We have had a visit from our P. O., Major Southall, which was enjoyed by all. The crowds and finances were good, and the hearts of the comrades were gladdened by the soldiers' meeting he led. The Red-Hot Brigade has again visited the corps and had excellent crowds. We are believing for a mighty revival as a result of our

## OUR SOLDIERS' GALLERY



Brother Canute and Wife, of Hamilton II.

Bro. Canute is an active soldier, who takes much interest in the work of the corps, and is always ready to help in any way. Capt. McConn writes: "During the past few weeks Bro. Canute has been very successfully collecting money for the furnishing of the officers' quarters. While Mrs. Canute is not a soldier, she helps her husband as much as she can in his duties as a soldier."

## A POPULAR WEDDING.

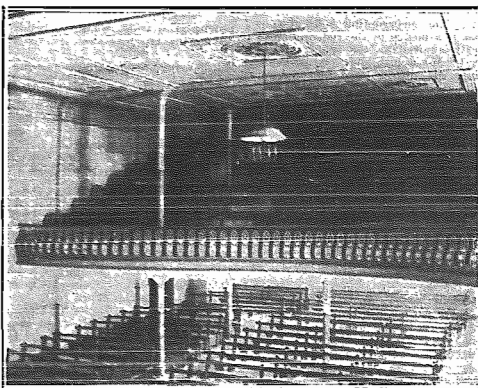
Brother Hatchett and Sister Shelley, of Ligaras St., Married by Major Turner.

The long-looked-forward-to event has at last taken place. The Ligaras St. barracks was filled to its utmost capacity on Wednesday, Feb. 6th, to witness Major Turner join together two comrades, Bro. Hatchett and Sister Maria Shelley, which was done, as acknowledged by all present, in a real happy style.

The bride and groom, with their attendants, headed by the Major, entered the barracks amid the cheers of the people, the band playing a wedding march. After the nuptial had calmed down somewhat, the people joined heartily in the opening song, and prayer was offered up to God for His presence and His blessing upon the future of the happy couple. Bro. Lilly, the treasurer of the corps, was then called upon for a few remarks. The treasurer spoke highly of Bro. Hatchett, and testified to his being a good and true soldier of Jesus Christ and the S. A., always at his post, and complimented him on getting a good wife. Mrs. Bowers spoke on behalf of Sister Shelley, who has also been a blessing to many, one always willing to help those in need, and a true servant of God. Adjutant Goodwin's few words of sound, practical advice and encouragement were appreciated. The wedding song, by Bro. McFarland, caught on and brought forth much applause. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Areham, under whose instrumentality Bro. Hatchett got converted, spoke of our comrades' conversion, and was pleased to see that he had kept to his vows.

The most interesting part of the evening was now called upon. "Col." Hatchett. He came to the front amid many cheers and expressions of good will from the people, as cool as a cucumber. He stated that he enjoyed his position very much so far, and intended to go on just as before, and faithfully serve his God in the great S. A. The bride stood up and shouted and cheers from the people and comrades. She seemed very happy, and was glad above all else that she was saved and enjoyed the blessing of a clean heart. Staff-Capt. Areham contrasted marriages that were of God and marriages that were not of God. An appropriate address was read by Major Turner voicing the feelings of the corps. Staff-Capt. Stanyan then closed with a fitting prayer, not before, however, inviting sinners to get divorced from the devil and married to Jesus Christ.—McFarland, R. C.

The golden rule in cold weather is undoubtedly to keep the extremities warm.



Interior of Winnipeg Citadel—View of Large Hall from the Platform.

presented by themselves, which demanded a ready sale. After the meeting coffee and sandwiches were passed in round. Many expressed their desire to have another similar meeting in the near future. We are preparing for the Siege, expecting to reach our target. "Victory," is our motto.—B. G.

## A Young Man Saved

**SPOKANE.**—Last Sunday a young man came to the Mercy Seat. We feel especially grateful to the Lord to see young men and women coming to Him.—Joe Logan, R. C.

## Horea Seeking Souls.

**STRATFORD, Ont.**—A general awakening and revival of interest, and eleven precious souls seeking for mercy, has been the result of hard work and earnest prayer during the past week. The beauties of Christianity and the incomprehensible love of Christ, together with the realities of eternity, and the penalty of sin, have been brought to bear upon the hearts of the people in a remarkable and convincing manner. The Holy Spirit is working, and many are almost persuaded to become Christians.—Onlooker.

## Forty Sought Salvation.

**TWEEDE.**—God has been blessing us wonderfully in this place lately. We had two or three week-meetings for soldiers, and God's Holy Ghost came upon us, and a number were sanctified, and then the fire spread. Some of the soldiers fasted and prayed two following Sundays between the afternoon and night meetings. Last Sunday night the invita-

special meetings. Father Harvey, an old and faithful comrade, bid us farewell last Sunday. An enormous crowd assembled at the barracks to bid him farewell. He will be missed here, and the prayers of all the comrades and Christian people go with him, that he may prove the same blessing where he has got it, that he was in this corps.—A comrade.

## Is Your Soul Insured?

A little boy on his father's knee said:

"Papa, is your soul insured?"  
"What do you ask, my son?"  
"Because I hear Uncle Frank say that you had your house insured, and your life insured, but he did not think you thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Can't you get it insured right away?"

It was all too true, and the father was led to seek the Divine guarantee of his soul's well-being.

Nearly half a century ago I formed the China Inland Mission, and from the day of its conception to the present time we have never taken up a collection, but depended entirely upon volunteer contributions, and we have never lacked for any good thing. Verily, we have taken no thought for the morrow, but like the Children of Israel, who gathered the manna in the wilderness, those who gathered must have no surplus, and those who gathered less had no lack.—J. Hudson Taylor.



## Jerse Topics.

### RECONCILIATION.

What a beautiful opportunity to start the Siege well we have in Reconciliation Week. It is well that everything that causes discord among ourselves, wherever it exists, should be removed at any and all cost. Then, what better start for a revival could we have than the reclaiming of the backslider. He is with us everywhere. Visit him, let him feel your deepest interest in him, and by converting him you at once win a soul and remove a stumbling-block out of the way of sinners. The success of Reconciliation Week will give you the key to the success of the Siege in your corps.

## Daily Food.

SUNDAY.—St. John ix, 24-31.

The blind man bravely took to his facts, and became for all time a model witness to Christ. By this faithfulness he achieved two things: he confronted all the learning of the Pharisees, and put them to an open shame; he showed from the Lord Jesus a very special and precious token of His love. Let us follow the good example here furnished. What Christ looks for from us is a witness of living faith which His energy and power have created in our hearts and lives. So long as we render Him this service, we need not be concerned that we cannot silence our objectors, learned or otherwise. Maintain our facts, Christ will graciously confirm our love by multiplying the eternal realities of our sweet fellowship with Him.

MONDAY.—St. John x, 18.

"I am the Good Shepherd." "Thou art indeed the Good Shepherd; but we must acknowledge that there often appears in us something that looks like believing Thee to be the Good Shepherd, why are we sometimes so slow to follow Thee? Why do we ever doubt that Thy commandments are better than our own devices? Why murmur at the ruggedness of Thy path? Why look with wistful eyes at the pastures which Thou forbiddest? We name Thee the Good Shepherd; but is there not some hypocrisy in the joy with which we do it?"

TUESDAY.—St. John x, 19-42.

"And many came unto Him; and they said, John indeed did no sign; but all things whatsoever John spoke of this Man were true. And many believed on Him there." John's ministry was without sign, but it was not therefore resultless and in vain, for it furnished a true testimony to Christ. In his retreat beyond Jordan, Jesus Himself reaped abundantly where His forerunner had sown. For us, too, life may be without miracle, but it need not be without precious result. Our great and chief business is, like the Baptist, to speak of Jesus the things that are true. Like him, too, we may not reap the harvest with our own sickle; but the Master will surely see to it being gathered into His barns.

WEDNESDAY.—St. John xi, 1-16.

The Gospels give to us pictures of Christ as our Helper and Friend in a complete series of typical situations which represent all our need. In this chapter we behold Him as the Lord of our hours of anguish. Appealed to by the sisters of Bethany, He at once undertakes on their behalf. Study His way. In every matter we commit to Christ, we shall, with absolute certainty,

see His salvation; but the time and the manner faith must leave with Him. The removal of our sorrow seems often so simple a matter, and we wonder Christ does not at once just do the thing which would certainly bring relief, even as the Jews suggested that Christ could have caused that Lazarus should not die, and by so simple a means have averted much distress. So study the case of Lazarus as Jesus viewed it, and you will learn that your sorrow, too, has ramifications of connection with many and great interests, all of which Christ wishes to further through His mercy shown to you.

THURSDAY.—St. John xi, 17-44.

"I am the resurrection and the life." "Your brother is dead, you say, and buried. Look unto Me, says Christ, and let your tears be dried, for I am the life. If your brother had life, that life is in Me. My life is the pledge of his. Because I live, he shall live also. By faith perceive your brother clothed with the boundless wealth of the life that is in Me. I am the resurrection as well as the life. The incorruptible body of your Saviour is a pledge of the redemption of the body as well as the soul. Faith brings to Me a lost and corrupt soul; it brings Me also a dead and corrupt body, and receives in exchange an imperishable, glorious body."

FRIDAY.—St. John xi, 45-57.

We learn to-day how Christ's kindness to Martha and Mary became the occasion of His own death. Moved to deepest jealousy and hatred by the raising of Lazarus, the Pharisees felt they could tolerate Him no longer. "So from that day forth they took counsel that they might put Him to death." Let us learn from this not to be turned from our loyalty to Christ when evil is returned for our good. Not the approval and benediction of our fellows are to serve us to patient continuance in well doing, but the smile and gracious upholding of our Heavenly Master.

SATURDAY.—St. John xii, 1-11.

Six days before the Passover, at which He knew death awaited Him, Jesus returns from His hiding-place in the country to the home in Bethany. He deliberately puts Himself within the reach of His murderers. If they had the heart and the will to slay Him, He was not going to deny them the opportunity to do it. We are not to test the providence of God by the safety it seems to promise to provide from hurt and trial. The chief thing is to be quite sure we are walking in the will of God; and on that point we never need be in doubt. For our sakes Christ will wittingly took the way of certain death.

## WHAT THE "S'S" STAND FOR.

Salvation Soldier, of Christ our King,  
Saved to serve Jesus, His praises to sing;  
Saved to fight bravely, whatever the cost;  
Saved to save sinners, or they will be lost;  
Fearing not Satan, the foe of his King  
Fearing not scorners, whose laughs may ring;  
Steadfastly marching, with courage, and might,  
The Salvation Soldier is born for the fight.

Sanctified Soldier, with heart clean and pure,  
Filled with the Spirit, and power to endure;  
Filled with that peace, which the world does not know;  
Washed in the blood, and made whiter than snow,  
Speaking and praying with fervor and love,  
Trusting the Saviour for aid from above;

Loving Him truly, whatever the bid,  
Knowing His love shall forever abide.

Self-dying Soldier, now bearing his cross,  
Gladly enduring the toil and the loss,  
Bravely enduring the hardship and pain,  
Never once caring earth's riches to gain,

Never refusing to honor his Lord,  
Cheerfully giving as means will afford,  
Never once shrinking the work Christ has given,  
Knowing his treasure is laid up in heaven.

Scriptural Soldier, with Spirit's sharp sword,  
Bravely attacking the foes of his Lord;  
Striking conviction in many a heart,  
Causing the sinner from evil to part.

Daily believing the Word to be true,  
Daily pursuing a portion or two,  
Daily receiving fresh help from above,  
Daily increasing in wisdom and love.

P. N. E.  
Grande Greve, Que., Feb., 1901.

Steps are being taken by the temperance bodies of Halifax to introduce a prohibitory liquor law in the Provincial Legislature at the approaching session. The temperance people say they think this an opportune time, for it will likely be the last session of the legislature before dissolution and a general election.

It is by prayer that the missionary gains his greatest conquests. I have stood face to face with a savage, and held on to his rifle, lest he might shoot me for his meat, but it was not my strength, but my prayer, that overcame.—John G. Paton.

## History Class.

### II.—THE ROMANS.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### CONSTANTINE AND JULIAN.

Constantine the Great left three sons, who divided the Empire between them. Two were slain early in life, leaving Constantius, the second and worst of the brothers, as sole Emperor. He was an Arian and banished Athanasius again, who was sheltered by Pope Liberius in Rome, but had finally to seek refuge in the Egyptian desert.

Constantius attempted to put down Liberius, who had grown in power, by placing Felix, an Arian, on the papal chair. The Romans, however, would not submit to that deed, nor to a joint ruling of Felix and Liberius. Felix was forced to fly, and Liberius only remained in power.

Meantime the King of Persia, Sapor, attacked Nisibis, the most easterly city of the Empire, where Bishop James held out with the people for four months, until Sapor's army sickened, and, believing the city under special divine protection, gave up the siege, and marched away.

Constantius was a vain, timid, and jealous man. He delighted in pomp and feared his cousin Julian, who had studied at Athens, and thought the old Greek philosophy grander than the Christian doctrine of the Emperor and his effeminate court.

Constantius sent Julian to fight the Germans at the border of Gaul, but upon hearing of his success and favor with the soldiers, the Emperor recalled him. The result was the army proclaiming Julian Emperor. On his way to Constantinople the news reached him of Constantius' death.

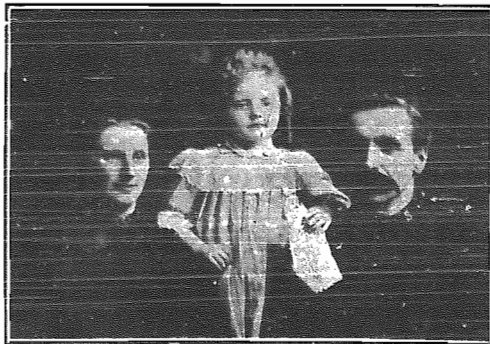
In 361 A.D. Julian reached the capital and was received as Emperor. He at once threw away any pretension of Christianity and opened the old heathen temples again. He declared all and any form of religion free to anybody, but endeavored to make Christianity despicable to the people. When he was told that the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem proved our Lord a true prophet, he ordered the same to be rebuilt. When the foundations were dug there was an outburst of smoke and flame which forced the workmen to desist, which was counted as a miracle of God.

All attempts to prop up the old paganism resulted in failure, and Julian grew bitter when he saw the followers of his belief did not produce an honorable and noble life as Christianity.

Julian went with a fine army against Sapor of Persia. The Persians wisely avoid battles and retreated until the Romans, half starved, were obliged to turn back. Then Sapor attacked the rear and cut off the stragglers. Julian bravely shared the privations of his soldiers. At last a javelin pierced him under his arm. It is said that he caught some of his blood in his other hand, and casting it toward heaven, cried, "Gallilean, Thou hast conquered."

The soldiers chose a plain, honest Christian soldier, named Jovian, as their leader. He did his best to make a treaty with Sapor, giving up all lands beyond the Tigris and surrendering the brave city of Nisibis. Jovian died ere he reached Constantinople. The soldier-chase Valentinian, a brave, rough man, and devout Catholic.

(To be continued.)



Ensign and Mrs. Pugh and Little Allie.

The most careful stockmen of Texas will not employ a man on their ranches who drinks. They find such help is too expensive, as they are not careful enough with the stock. The Texas "cowboy" must be a sober man, at least while at work on the plains. And thus the temperance cause advances, and in quarters we least look for it.



# The Embellishment of Five Thousand Pounds.

BY A. M. N.

## CHAPTER V.

## IN THE COILS OF A SERPENT.

Henry Whitcliffe rose in the estimation of his employers. He was punctual, methodical, and industrious in his habits—at least in the judgment of the trustful manager of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Stone. Whitcliffe also rose in position.

Remarks were certainly heard from time to time about his gay appearance, and some of the clerks could not understand how he could, on a salary of only £250, wear costly rings and jewelry, fashionable dresses, and come up to business every morning in a smart pony-phæton.

The manager pook-pooked these observations, or treated them as undesecuredly applied to the son of the well-known gentleman whose name Henry bore, especially as Henry stated that, in addition to his salary, he was entitled to draw upon his sister for all his home-expenses. The suspicions were, in fact, met by expressions of sympathy with Henry, and satisfaction that one bearing such an honorable name as his was connected with the firm.

Nevertheless, Henry Whitcliffe was deceiving the firm. The woman alluded to in the last chapter, with whom he had formed an adulterous intimacy, soon introduced him to one of London's West End fast "sets." Among them was a clerk of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Stone's—a cunning, overhearing, reckless young fellow—Whitcliffe and Turner (such was his name) became pals in course of time, drinking and gambling together.

The inevitable came to pass. They fell into debt, and, as is the rule with people who treat debt lightly, they resorted to the bankrupt method of paying off one way by contracting another, until they became entangled in a network of liabilities, gambling, publicans, clubs, palis—all sorts of debts.

One morning before the Thames Regatta, Turner met Whitcliffe by appointment to talk over their affairs. "If we don't get money from somewhere to-day, Henry, the game is up."

"This was Turner's first dart. 'Well, I'm sick of it,' cried Whitcliffe. 'So am I! let's chuck it.' Turner went on, insincerely: 'Can you borrow a £100 from your sister till next week?'

"Not a sixpence, for her husband discovered only last night, when the house Mercury had advanced me, and he has taken my cheque-book from her—poor girl!"

"The snipe!"

"I shall bolt it, Turner. I shall."

"No, you won't. I've got a plan. To-morrow you are a cash buyer."

"Yes, it's set lip-guy day."

"Well, £10,000 to £15,000 will pass through your hands. As a temporary arrangement—just to get us out of this mess—you can easily 'go' me."

"Never!" exclaimed Whitcliffe. "I don't want to be a cash buyer."

"I don't ask that you do a dirty trick."

"No, no, you won't, you won't do a dirty trick. I don't want you to do a dirty trick. All I ask is that you so rearrange your accounts that you will have £200 to play with for a week or two. It can easily be done. The manager won't know. As we will be able to do so in a fortnight, no one will suffer. It is often done. The firm is more obliged to you, after all, for you to do it. Pocket your feelings, and—"

"I can't," said Whitcliffe, in a weak tone of voice. He was wavering.

"It is either this or eternal disgrace. If we don't pay up—will certainly come to the business and take it down."

"Madame," said the mention of whose name Whitcliffe gave expression to a deep groan and an oath. He was in the coils of a serpent.

Turner had played his cards cleverly, saw that at last he had Whitcliffe in his grip, and was so softened in his manner.

"Treat the whole thing, Henry, as a matter of pure accommodation; and in a fortnight's time we shall surely be able to squeeze out a couple of hundred quid, and can see my way for £50 of it, anyhow."

Henry Whitcliffe, unstable as water, made no reply. It was time to be at

their desks, and so, after giving a few hurried glances at the morning papers, they opened their ledgers, picked up their pens, and the rustling, flapping sound of tissue, invoices, and book folios, etc., marked the progress of affairs.

"Good morning, Whitcliffe," said the manager, as usual; "how's the mail?"

"Very heavy, am glad to say."

"You don't look well this morning."

"Don't!" exclaimed Whitcliffe, nervously. "I feel all serene," which was a lie, of course, for he was about to dip his pen in ink for the purpose of defrauding and embezzling the money of the firm.

"Your looks are not serene," replied the manager. "After the rush of quarter-day I shall insist on your easing off for a few days."

"Very kind of you, very kind, sir; I don't deserve it," which was only too grimly correct.

"Oh! my God, what a fool I am!" he soliloquized, when left alone at his desk.

Yes, Henry Whitcliffe, your judgment is a faithful one. But, alas, that you should be so foolish as not, even now, to draw back from committing a folly and a crime that will overwhelm you in an ocean of misery!

Turner: "There's more where it came from." This with a sneer.

Whitcliffe: "You scoundrel! How dare you—"

("Gen't'm'en! Gen't'm'en," came a chorus of voices.)

Turner: "Whitcliffe," under the strong influence of drink, "repeat it—£20 to £1 on Smith."

Whitcliffe: "And I repeat—not a brass farthing."

Turner: "But you will."

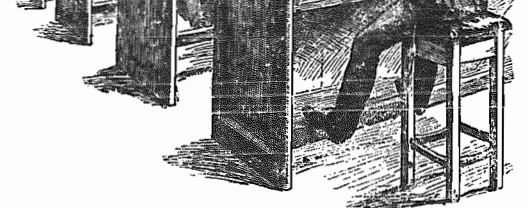
Whitcliffe: "By the help of God, I won't!"

Turner: "You will!" with a hiss.

Whitcliffe: "I won't!" But weak, in fact, Whitcliffe did again and again, replenishing his pocket from the same source, until he became quite an adept in the art of deception, but was not clever enough to avert the disaster that was overtaking him. He was in the coils of a serpent, and that serpent a woman.

She knew of his depredations and defalcations, and, at an hour convenient to her own vain and sensual ends, she sold him to the police.

(To be continued.)



His First Fraud.

## MY LAST NOTES.

Farewell Jottings About the E. O. P.

By ENSIGN PARKER.

Quebec, ah, beautiful Quebec! Its military armament, its bracing air, its glorious scenery. The I. C. R. train rushed in, the ferry boat ploughed through the foaming waves, and I am once more in Quebec. Capt. Norton is a fine fellow like a man who looks for brighter days ahead. Capt. Grose has actually become portly on the bracing air and good fare of Quebec.

When stationed here, some years ago, I was often annoyed by some one shooting pens around during the meeting, but did not discover the culprit; but now a bright, smiling lad of eighteen years, sits before me and tells me he was the mischief-maker, and, like many another lively boy, got caught in the Army net, and now takes delight in spreading salvation.

"Thank God I ever lost that hand," he said, as he showed a badly mangled member. "Twas pay-day. We boys were going to have a night out, which meant a night of sin and vice, but

Scene: A large parlor in one of London's popular restaurants. Time: 11:30 p.m. Present: Henry Whitcliffe, Dick Turner, and four other young swells. Subject of discussion: the coming Thames Regatta, which involved sundry bets figuring from £1 to £20.

The subject had reached the "warm" stage, and is continued as follows:—

Turner: "£20 to £1 on Smith."

Whitcliffe: "I haven't a silver left of my morning haul."

Turner: "There's more where it came from." This with a sneer.

Whitcliffe: "You scoundrel! How dare you—"

("Gen't'm'en! Gen't'm'en," came a chorus of voices.)

Turner: "Whitcliffe," under the strong influence of drink, "repeat it—£20 to £1 on Smith."

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Whitcliffe: "By the help of God, I won't!"

Turner: "You will!" with a hiss.

Whitcliffe: "I won't!" But weak, in fact, Whitcliffe did again and again, replenishing his pocket from the same source, until he became quite an adept in the art of deception, but was not clever enough to avert the disaster that was overtaking him. He was in the coils of a serpent, and that serpent a woman.

She knew of his depredations and defalcations, and, at an hour convenient to her own vain and sensual ends, she sold him to the police.

(To be continued.)

The C. P. It, has a notice to conductors to report on the cleanliness or otherwise of their cars at the end of their runs, and then adds, "If the cars are not cleaned the first time you report, don't stop reporting, but keep on making the reports." I thought, at first, this was a joke, but I now know that it is common sense, that is the way to pray, keep on making reports till your prayer is answered. God wants you to have a clean heart.

At Pembroke, a drunken mau attended the meeting, and took great interest in it, especially in the Lieutenant. Towards the close a full occurred in the prayer meeting. No one prayed. Mr. Druak sat soberly for a few moments, then said in an aggrieved tone, "God help us, we neglected town. 'Go home.' He put the situation to rest. If we don't keep our meetings interesting, our audience might as well go home, and they will, and we have ourselves to blame for it.

I attended a few places where the atmosphere of the barracks would almost make your teeth chatter. Needless to say, we had a poor crowd and small collections. I would not care to spend an hour in such a built my respect, except a very strong sense of duty compelled me.

Traveling to K— a box came heated on the car, it caused a lot of trouble and worry. I stepped off to watch the men at work fixing it. I learned a lesson of the value of an efficient effort. One man became impatient, and said, "Oh, put in the packing, and let it run to T—." I heard his companion say, in a low tone, "No, it can't run to T—." "The safety of that heavily loaded train hung on that man's caution. Had that impatient man had his way you might have my photo in the Cry by this time as another great sinner gone to heaven by way of a railway smash-up. But, thank God, the cautious man triumphed, and I'm not dead yet.

I arrived at Kalendar, met by Ensign Jones, lunched at Bro. Pickering's, an old soldier, he and his wife still true to the S. A. We started for Filinton. The horse was slippery and I reminded me of the famous Ned I rode behind a year ago, in speed. If you wanted to go fast you got out and walked on ahead; he was a good beast, this one, though I was his shoes that were to blame, he was always backsliding. There are other things beside horses that seem to be slippery shod. The Psalmist seemed to know about this kind of thing when he said, "The law of God is in his heart, none of his steps shall slide." (Ps. xxxvii, 31.)

The old Book is a fine thing to give your feet a grip, it gives you the kind of a grip of earth that helps you to heaven.

Saturday morning we reached the home of Bro. Spicer, an old soldier of Tweed cars, although for years away from the S. A. But he and his wife are true still. He tells us he began life in the back country a few years ago with "a cow, an axe, and a pitchfork," but has bewed out for himself a comfortable home. So much for plod and push, coupled with tact and the blessing of a soul who honors God.

Army influence seems to have reached everywhere. Go where you will, and in the small, farthest back places, we find friends, or old soldiers, or converts. The minister at Cloyne is an Army convert, and not afraid to let the people know it.

The writer fell sick, but between the efforts of kind friends and another Methodist preacher, was able to go on with his tour, emerged from the wilderness and got to Kingston for New Year's meetings. A few more cars elapsed, then farewell. Good-bye, East Ontario! God bless you! May we all meet in the morning. Adieu.

Give not thy tongue to glib liberty, lest it take thee prisoner; a word unspoken is, like the sword in thy scabbard, thine; if it is used, thy sword is in another's hand.—Francis Quarles.





**The Eastern Star Still Sheds Its Lustrous Rays—And Arab in Ontario's Lead Still Stays—Behind Him Lustily Tries Patient Mag—While Nigger in Ontario's Rear Does Drag.**

Hail, noble R. Oliphant Pickering, Chief Officer of the Maritime Provinces, for those that lead again this week! Then why should't you always lead? Echo of Ontario's Provinces answers "Why."

Arab also is pursuing his triumphant race; he is the noble best of the noble Alex. McMillan, and has the Red Lion of Scotland on his saddle-cloth. Mag of East Ontario and Quebec is with praiseworthy energy outdistancing Nigger, who suffers from the cold.

The North-West list seems to be delayed on account of heavy snows, blocked trails or some other inextinguishable or unaccountable reason. Sorry the Western hustlers' names have to be omitted this week on this account.

Hail, Crawford, the Persistent! Your persistence is crowned at last, and this week the laurels of Territorial championship are yours. Mrs. Adj. Frazer is second and Lieut. Kitchin is third. L. J. Currell of Hamilton I. is fourth with 200 copies. These are splendid records.

#### EASTERN PROVINCE.

##### 106 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. Frazer, Halifax I.	236
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	232
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, New Glasgow	150
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	150
Ensign Knight, Westville	125
Sergt. Volant, Halifax I.	125
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	115
Capt. Clark, Carleton	110
Cadet Weakley, Sydney	109
Lieut. Taylor, Windsor	100
Noah Flood, Hamilton	100
M. Santica, Hamilton	100
Lieut. Redmond, Chatham	85
Capt. Allan, St. John I.	82
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	75
Lieut. White, Sussex	70
M. S. Thompson, North Sydney	70
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Hinton	70
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	70
Lieut. March, Sydney	70
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	70
Lieut. Batem, Moncton	70
Capt. Ryan, Truro	65
Lieut. Lehan, Truro	65
Lieut. Vandine, Yarmouth	63
Cadet Kenny, St. John I.	63
Capt. Miller, St. John	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	60
Cadet Duncan, Springfield	60
Capt. Forcer, Chatham	60
Capt. Doris, Hillsboro	55
M. Myles, Kentville	51
Adj. Miller, Hamilton	50
Lieut. Melvor, Summerside	50
Lieut. McKie, Fairville	50
Lieut. Pemberton, Summerside	50
Capt. Richards, Bridgewater	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newswater	50
Sergt. Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	50
Capt. Hawbold, Pictou	50
Lieut. Lehan, Summerside	50
Capt. Leander, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	50
Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Sergt. Wyld, Glace Bay	50
M. Sells, Halifax I.	48
Lieut. Netting, Stellarton	45
Lieut. Smith, St. John III.	45
L. McFadden, Fredericton	41
Mrs. Frazer, New Glasgow	40
P. S. M. Wood, Summerside	40
Capt. Bradbury, Halifax II.	40
Lieut. A. Young, Hampton	40
Lieut. W. Fraser, Hampton	40
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Ebbury, Parrsboro	35
Mrs. Capt. Allan, St. John II.	32
Sergt. Murray, Sydney	30
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool	30
Mrs. Young, Springfield	30

Mrs. Capt. Goodwin, Annapolis	30
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Digby	30
F. Adams, St. John V.	30
Capt. Hunt, Bear River	30
Lieut. Urquhart, Halifax I.	30
Lieut. McEachern, Chatham	25
M. England, Chatham	25
Cadet McDonald, Freeport	25
Mrs. Cassady, Springfield	25
Cadet Harding, Annapolis	25
Capt. Traflet, Summerside	25
Soc. Ellis, Charlottetown	25
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	25
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	24
Capt. Wyle, Moncton	24
A. Thompson, Moncton	23
Adj. Frazer, Halifax I.	23
Capt. Armstrong, Lunenburg	23
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	23
Capt. Winchester, Eastport	23
Cadet Muro, North Head	21
B. Sharpham, Windsor	21
Capt. Green, Bridgetown	21
Lieut. McWilliams, Bridgetown	21
C. C. Sletten, N. Sydney	20
C. C. Maynard, N. Sydney	20
Sergt. Jones, St. John III.	20
A. Newell, Dartmouth	20
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	20
J. Parsons, New Glasgow	20
H. White, New Glasgow	20
A. Sparks, New Glasgow	20
Mrs. Marshall, Digby	20
Green, Sussex	20
Lieut. Kurlough, Eastport	20
Sergt. Peckwood, George's	20
Sergt. Keith, St. George	20
Capt. Clark, St. George's	20
Lieut. Monbray, St. George's	20
Capt. Greenland, Woodstock	20
Capt. Bowering, Campbellton	20
Capt. W. B. Macdonald, St. John	20
T. Fairweather, St. John III.	20

#### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

##### 85 Hustlers.

Lieut. Crawford, Woodstock	253
Lieut. Kitchin, London	253
Lieut. Knuckie, Woodstock	130
Lieut. J. Connors, Wingham	130
Capt. Horwood, Windsor	105
Lieut. Maisey, St. Thomas	95
Lieut. Watson, Blenheim	90
Ensign Hollett, Galt	85
Capt. Huntington, Walla	80
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Strathroy	80
Capt. Heater, Clinton	75
Ensign Crawford, Goderich	75
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	75
Antie Wright, Ingersoll	75
Lieut. Cadley, Galt	75
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	71
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	70
Capt. Haley, Sarnia	69
Lieut. Clark, Watford	63
Capt. Brooks, Berlin	62
Ensign Slota, Stratford	60
P. S. M. Bennett, Petrolia	60
Capt. Hoekim, Forest	53
M. Richards, Forest	53
Travis, Armstrong, Searborth	52
Sergt. Burton, Dresden	50
Lieut. Bruner, Dresden	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Ensign J. Edwards, Ridgeway	50
Capt. Jordinson, Heppeler	50
Mrs. Thomas, Chatham	50
Adj. Wakefield, London	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Adj. Blackburn, Simcoe	50
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	46
Capt. Copeman, Paris	45
Capt. McGillivray, Brantford	45
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	40
Capt. C. Inglis, Guelph	40
Lieut. Youmans, Essex	45
Lieut. Fennacy, Palmerston	44
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	43
Lieut. Stickels, Listowel	40
Ensign Macfarlane, Ridgeway	40
Capt. Gibson, Guelph	40
Lieut. Pickie, Norwich	40
Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	40
Capt. Ringier, Listowel	40
M. M. Whale, Essex	40
Soc. Campbell, Guelph	37
Capt. Petrolia	37
Sergt. Cutting, Essex	35
Capt. White, Chatham	30
Capt. Dowell, Strathroy	30
Capt. H. Hensley, Strathroy	30
Bro. McColl, Drayton	30
Sister B. Blackwell, Petrolia	30
C. C. L. Dickson, St. Thomas	30
Sergt. Hodgins, Windsor	28
Lieut. Watson, Guelph	26
Lieut. C. Guelph	26
Goldie Herig, Windsor	25
Rhoda Keeler, Windsor	25
P. S. M. Denlinger, Heppeler	23
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sister Charles, Guelph	25
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	25
Lieut. Groombridge, Heppeler	23
Bro. Smith, London	23
M. McDonald, Drayton	22

Cadet Downing, Stratford	22
Eva Simpson, Guelph	21
Bro. Musgrave, Wexford	20
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	20
Pearl Hargrave, Chatham	20
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	20
Fred Talcot, Ridgeway	20
J. S. M. Hoskin, St. Thomas	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	20
J. S. M. Gare, Strathroy	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Capt. Harman, Bellville	20

#### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

73 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Ensign Hugh, Pictou	185
P. S. M. Barber, Burlington	180
P. S. M. Duddy, Ottawa	127
Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	125
Adj. Moore, Kingston	81
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	80
Sergt. Hoare, Montreal I.	77
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	77
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Capt. Burtch, Cornwall	75
Capt. Woods, Cornwall	70
Bro. Leitch, Belleville	70
Capt. Green, Trenton	70
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	70
Capt. McNamee, Sherbrooke	67
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	67
Capt. Hickman, Smiths Falls	67
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	65
Capt. Owen, Barre	65
Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	60
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	55
Lieut. Crozier, Port Hope	55
Bro. Babbington, Port Hope	52
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	52
Bro. Clark, Bloomfield	51
Abbie Donnelly, Colbourn	50
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	50
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	50
Capt. Eustable, Port Hope	50
Cadet-Lieut. Waugh, Brockville	50
Capt. Pitcher, Brockville	45
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	41
Cadet-Lieut. State, Sherbrooke	40
Sergt. Hippen, Sherbrooke	40
Sergt. Stacey, Grand I.	40
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Capt. Carter, Belleville	40
Capt. Slater, St. Albans	40
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	40
Lieut. Rutledge, Deseronto	40
Bro. Brown, Kingston	37
Capt. R. Oregio, Cobourg	37
Sergt. Wheelock, Kingston	35
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	35
Cadet-Lieut. Holliday, St. Albans	31
Capt. Ash, Belleville	30
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30
Capt. Grosse, Quebec	30
Capt. Lang, Guelph	30
Capt. Smith, Guelph	30
Capt. Yank, Montpelier II.	30
Mrs. King, Napanee	29
Mildred Veal, Barre	29
Mildred Hamilton, Kingston	29
Cadet-Lieut. Jewell, Deseronto	29
Willie Macdonald, Montreal I.	25
Sergt. Logic, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Randall, Odessa	25
Sergt. Watto, Kingston	22
Father Duquet, Trenton	20
Mrs. White, Belleville	20
Sergt. Bess, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Vancor, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Elliott, Napanee	20
Lieut. Hoole, Napanee	20
Bro. Brown, Deseronto	20
Capt. Weir, Prescott	20
Stephen Stanzel, Carleton Place	20
Treasa Gillan, Renfrew	20
Mrs. Hawley, Clonfert	20
Frs. Jewell, Pictou	20

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

62 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	200
Sergt. Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	100
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	100
Capt. Hanna, Midland	95
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	93
Lieut. Marshall, Little Current	93
Capt. McLeannan, Owen Sound	91
Maggie Bowman, Temple	65
Sergt. Mr. Tick, Ligar St.	61
Sergt. Mrs. Bowsher, Ligar St.	61
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	61
Lieut. Marshall, Little Current	61
Capt. Wilson, Orillia	61
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	45
Cadet-Lieut. Jane, Hamilton II.	45
Ensign Brant, Chesley	45
Capt. Stillings, Deseronto	40
Lieut. Patterson, Newmarket	40
Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	40
Capt. Palling, Sturgeon Falls	40
Sergt. Golden, Lippincott St.	40
Capt. Stillings, Deseronto	40
Sister A. Tuck, Ligar	40
Lieut. Phillips, Orangeville	35
Ann Bolton, Temple	35
Capt. C. Stephens, Fenelon Falls	35



S. M. Slater, Fenelon Falls	73
Adj. H. Cameron, Temple	70
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	70
Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood	70
P. S. M. Hinton, Oakville	70
P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	70
Mrs. Peacock, Aurora	70
Capt. Cullick, Temple	70
Lieut. LoCory, Temple	70
Father Dixon, Temple	70
Sister J. Matchett, Ligar St.	70
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	70
Adj. Walker, Riverside	70
B. Turner, Orillia	70
Capt. Culbert, Gravenhurst	70
Lieut. Christopher, Gravenhurst	70
Bro. Marshall, Bracebridge	70
Ensign Lott, Meaford	70
Capt. Cullick, Huntsville	70
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	70
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	70
Capt. Crego, Meaford	70
Bro. Miller, Bracebridge	70
Sergt-Major Bowers, Ligar St.	70
Capt. Lott, Meaford	70
Lieut. Brown, Kinnoum	70
Capt. Rose, Ex'bridge	70
Lieut. Minnis, Ex'bridge	70
Capt. Chalkin, Almie Harbor	70
Capt. Clark, Huntsville	70
Capt. Brown, Huntsville	70
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville	70
Capt. H. Liston, Toronto I.	70
Capt. Clark, Liston, Toronto I.	70
P. S. M. Southwell, Toronto I.	70
Capt. Howcroft, Collingwood	70

#### PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Nelson	165
Bro. Preston, Spokane	150
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Victoria	109
Sergt. Glen, Butte	109
Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	102
Mrs. Adj. Gale, Helena	90
Capt. Galt, Vancouver	80
Cadet Buck, New Whatcom	57
Sergt. Huffman, New Westminster	57
Lieut. Avery, Butte	55
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nannaimo	53
Lieut. Avery, Butte	53
Lieut. Holder, Vancouver	50
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	50
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	50
Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	48
Frenc. Mortimer, Victoria	45
Sister Lacey, Fernie	40
Sister Hawkins, Butte	40
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	36
Capt. Gain, Lewiston	30
Capt. Jackson, Nannaimo	30
Sister Sutherland, Helena	30
Sergt. Brice, Lewiston	30
Capt. Walrath, Helena	29
Sister Mrs. Berquist	29
Sergt. Wm. Steel, Fernie	29
Soc. Newton, Fernie	29
Lieut. McInnis, Snohomish	29
Capt. Perremond, Snohomish	20

#### NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

19 Hustlers.	
S. M. Ebbary, St. Johns I.	63
Sergt. Mrs. Peddie, St. Johns I.	50
Sergt. Liston, St. Johns I.	45
P. S. M. Lidstone, St. Johns I.	41
Sergt. A. Angus, St. Johns II.	40
Capt. James, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet White, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Cousins, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Mercer, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Mary King, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. B. Hutchings, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. B. Mugford, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet Smith, St. Johns II.	22
Cadet Barry, St. Johns II.	21
Sergt. Snowbridge, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Peddie, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Whitshire, St. Johns I.	20
Sergt. Peckham, St. Johns II.	20
S. M. Bartlett, Brigus	20

#### THE KLONDIKE.

2 Hustlers.	
Ensign Gooding, Skagway	118
Capt. Long, Skagway	65

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and force yourself into one.

# For Band of Love Workers.

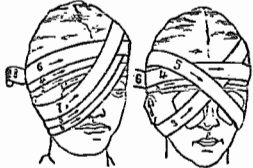
## THE AMBULANCE CLASS.

### Bandage for the Eyes (Single).

As an alternative to the admirable bandage given in the last chapter, the following may be used. The length and width of this is about the same as the circular one for the forehead.

**APPLICATION.**—If the right eye is to be bandaged, stand behind the patient, make several circular turns about the forehead, then, when the bandage is brought round behind again, it should pass downward below the right ear, and up over the inner part of the eye, and around the head, partly covering the turns previously made. The bandage may be carried below the ear and back again, until the whole eye is covered. The end may then be confined by one circular turn.

Before applying this bandage the eye should be covered with a compress of cotton.



Single and Double Eye Bandage.

When both eyes are to be covered, the bandage should be somewhat larger, and every other turn should be carried under the left ear, covering the left eye also. Thus may be used whenever the bandages cross each other, as the various turns are liable to slip on each other unless they are thus secured.

### Bandage for the Chin.

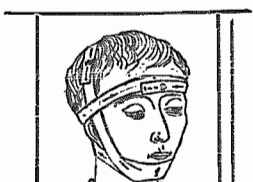
This bandage should be one and a half inches wide and about nine yards long.

Standing at the back of the patient, the end of the bandage is placed just over the left eyebrow, and fastened by one horizontal turn around the head, then passing down to and below the right ear, and beneath the chin, and upward over the left side of the face, just covering the left ear. Two more turns are to be made over the top of the head and underneath the chin, each turn including a little more of the anterior part of the chin. The bandage is now to be continued around behind the neck, and, in a slanting direction, over the head, and around the forehead as before, and then, again below the right ear and across the front of the chin and around the neck, drawing this part quite snug, and repeating, then passing under the chin and up on the left side of the face, bringing the bandage to the top of the head and confine it by several circular turns. The various turns may be arranged to suit each individual case.

It is used for fracture of the lower jaw, and for holding poultices to the side of the face, etc.

### Sling for the Chin.

Take a piece of muslin about four feet long and five inches wide, double it, and tear it from the middle of each end to within two inches of the centre. This forms a four-tailed bandage.



Sling for the Chin.

Standing at the back of the patient, place the centre of the bandage (the

part not torn) on the point of the chin; bring the two upper ends backward, crossing at the nape of the neck and then passing forward on the side of the head to the forehead, where they are



Bandage for the Chin.

fastened. Now take the two lower ends, carry them upward and slightly backward, so they come just in front of the ears; carry them to the top of the head, where they meet and are fastened.

This bandage is much simpler than the one shown in the preceding figure, and answers the same purpose, but it is more apt to slip.

### T Bandage for the Temple.

For this, two pieces of cloth are needed, one two to four inches wide and three feet long; ten or twelve inches from one end, at right angles to it, another bandage should be fastened, two inches wide and seven or eight feet long, one end only extending fifteen or eighteen inches beyond the point of junction.

**USE.**—Place the point of junction of the bandage over the temple injured in such a manner that the wide part of the bandage is perpendicular as regards the head; the short end is to be brought to the top of the head, and the long end around under the chin and fastened to the opposite end. The narrow part of the bandage is now carried around the head horizontally, the short end being confined by the horizontal turns. It is used for confining dressings to the side of the head and neck.

T Bandage for the Temple.

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# SONGS WEEK

## Holliness.

Tune.—I will not let Thee go (B.J. 27).

Open and let the Master in (B.J. 52).

1 My God, I know that Thou art mine,  
But, oh, when shall it be,  
That I shall be entirely Thine,  
And find my all in Thee?

### Chorus.

I will not, will not, will not let Thee go,  
For Thou art mine, and I am Thine,  
I will not let Thee go.

Thou canst not dwell in my heart  
Where doubtful things abide;  
Where idols take up any part,  
Thou canst not there reside.

Here, Lord, I part with all that stands  
Between my soul and Thee;  
Enter my heart, burst all its bands,  
And set me fully free.

Make me the vessel Thou canst use,  
Holy, and pure, and clean;  
Then send me forth with power endued,  
The dying world to win.

## Nothing but Thy Blood.

Tune.—Nothing but Thy Blood can save me (B.J. 83).

2 Jesus, see me at Thy feet,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
Thou alone my need canst meet,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

### Chorus.

No! no! Nothing do I bring,  
But by faith I'm clinging  
To Thy cross, O Lamb of God!  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
Me unparaded do not leave,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

Dark, indeed the past has been,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
Yet, in mercy, take me in,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

As I am, O hear me pray,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
I can come no other way,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

All that I can do is vain,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
I can never remove a stain,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

Lord, I cast myself on Thee,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me;  
From my guilt, oh, set me free,  
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

## War and Experience.

Tune.—Amen, we sing and we shout (B. 1, 69).

3 To serve old Satan was once my name,  
But now I'm saved through the Saviour's name;  
He took away all my sin and shame,  
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

### Chorus.

Amen! Amen! we sing and shout,  
Christ is in and the devil's out;  
He turned our faces right about,  
Down at the Mercy Seat.

"Twas there with broken heart I bowed,  
"Twas there for mercy I cried aloud,

"Twas there I joined the Blood-washed crowd,  
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

"Twas there I made the Lord my choice,  
"Twas there I heard His pardoning voice,  
"Twas there my heart did first rejoice,  
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

"Twas there my heart was washed so white,  
"Twas there I felt that all was right,  
"Twas there I started out to fight,  
While kneeling down at the Mercy Seat.

## The Fountain.

Tune.—Draw me nearer (B.J. 14).

4 There's a dear old song that I love to sing,  
So delightful, sweet, and good;  
'Tis the one which thousands of saints oft sing,  
Call'd the "Fountain fill'd with Blood."

### Chorus.

Oh, the Fountain, Fountain! How I love to sing  
Of the precious, crimson flood;  
Oh, the Fountain, Fountain! Help me now to sing  
Of the "Fountain fill'd with Blood."

Up in heaven above, round the shining throne,  
There's a countless multitude  
Who have washed their robes and made them white  
In the "Fountain fill'd with Blood."

There are thousands, too, in our ranks to-day  
Who on hell's dark brink once stood;  
But now they are washed, and, rejoicing, sing,  
"There's a Fountain filled with Blood."

How I love to think of that happy hour  
When I gave my heart to God;  
When, by faith, I "plunged" my polluted soul  
In "the Fountain filled with Blood."

Oh, that every sinner within this place  
Now, in downright earnest, would  
Just arise and come, at the Saviour's call,  
To "the Fountain filled with Blood."

## Salvation.

Tune.—Ella Rhea (B.J. 65).

5 The Judgement Day is drawing near,  
In dread reality,  
When all the dead God's voice shall hear,  
And rise from land and sea.

### Chorus.

Then for this awful day prepare,  
Repent, and turn to God;  
His life He gave,  
He longs to save,  
And wash you in His blood.

Oh, what a countless host shall then  
Before the Judge appear,  
Waiting with joy or guilty dread  
Their final doom to hear.

Then hidden things revealed shall be,  
And secrets brought to light;  
Their sinful course shall sinners see,  
And tremble at the sight.

Those opportunities abused,  
By God in mercy given;  
The Spirit's voice so long refused,  
That would have led to heaven.

Oh, ere your every chance is fled,  
Yield to the Spirit's voice;  
He calls to-day, no more delay,  
But make the Lord your choice.

## On Calvary's Brow.

6 On Calvary's brow my Saviour died,  
"Twas there my Lord was crucified;  
"Twas on the cross He bled for me,  
And purchased there my pardon free.

### Chorus.

O Calvary! Dark Calvary!  
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,  
O Calvary! Dark Calvary!  
"Twas there my Saviour died for me.

'Mid roiling rocks and dark'ning skies,  
My Saviour bowed His head and died;  
The opening veil reveals the way  
To heaven's joys and endless day.

O Jesus, Lord, how can it be,  
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me,  
To bear the cross and agony,  
In that dread hour on Calvary?

## The Soldiers of the King.

By BRIGADIER ADDIE.

Tune.—Soldiers of the Queen.

7 We're an Army fighting in God's name.

Our flag is flying round the world;  
Every soldier's song is just the same  
Where'er our banner is unfurled.  
All the world has heard it,  
Wondered why we sang,  
And some have learned the reason why.  
"Till sin's dark night  
Shall fade away and gradually die,  
Shall fade away and gradually die,  
So when we say our Army's matchless,  
Remember Who has made it so—

### Chorus.

It's the soldiers of the King, it is,  
Who bring the rebels in, it is,  
In the fight 'gainst sin for God and right.

All nations to the Cross we'll bring,  
So when we say we're always won,  
And when they ask us how it's done,  
We give the glory to His Son,  
And every soldier of the King.

Our old General is a mighty man,  
His fame has spread through every nation.

Wonders have been wrought since he began  
By his brave Army of Salvation.  
How was it accomplished?

Tell us how 'twas done,  
Enlisting soldiers for the King,  
By making them unite,  
And teaching them to fight  
The battle of the Master's common cause.

The battle of the Master's common cause.

So when we say our Army's matchless,  
Remember Who has made it so—

We have Colonels, Majors, and the rest,  
Just like the other fighting armies;  
They've done deeds by which they've earned the crest,

If we had more they would not harm us,  
But our sure reliance  
Is upon the men  
Who form the mighty rank and file,  
And bear the mighty banner  
At the battle's front.

They've made our Army what it is to-day.

They've made our Army what it is to-day.

So when we say our Army's matchless,  
Remember Who has made it so—



## Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read

will visit Rat Portage, Thurs., Mar. 14; Winnipeg, Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 16, 17, 18; Portage la Prairie, Wed., March 20; Brandon, Thurs., March 21; Calgary, Sun., & Mon., March 24, 25; Vancouver, Thurs., to Sun., March 28 to 31; Rossland, Wed., April 3; Nelson, Thurs., April 4; Spokane, Sun., and Mon., April 7, 8; Butte, Fri., to Mon., April 12 to 15.

## Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit Riverdale, Sun., March 3; Yorkville, Mon., March 4; Owen Sound, Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 9, 10, 11; Orangeville, Tues., March 12; Ligar St., Wed., March 13; Lindsay, Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 16, 17, 18; Penelon Falls, Tues., March 19; Brooklin, Wed., March 20; Dovercourt, Fri., March 22.

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. STANLEY will visit Ligar St., Fri., Sat., and Sun., March 1, 2, 3; Yorkville, Sun., March 10.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON

will visit Newmarket for Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 2, 3, 4.

## West Ontario Province.

THE SOUL-SAVING TROUPE will visit Palmerston, Feb. 29 to Mar. 4; Lacow, March 5 to 11; Wingham, Mar. 12 to 18; Clinton, Mar. 19 to 25; Stratford, Mar. 26 to 31; Stratford, April 2 to 5.

## Pacific Province.

MAJOR HARGRAVE

will visit Nelson, Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 2, 3, 4; Fernie, Tues. and Wed., March 5, 6; Kamloops, Thurs., March 21; Grand Falls, Sat. and Sun., March 23, 24; Billings, Tues. and Wed., March 26, 27; Livingston, Thurs., March 28; Bozeman, Fri., March 29; Helena, Sat., Sun., and Mon., March 30, 31, April 1; Butte, Tues. and Wed., April 2, 3; Thurs., April 4; Missoula, Fri., April 5.

## Lantern Services.

ENSIGN PEIRY, with "50 Degrees Below Zero," Meaford, Sat. & Sun., March 2nd & 3rd; Collingwood, Mon., March 4th; Orillia, Tuesday, March 5th; Gravenhurst, Wednesday, March 6th; Brantford, Thursday, March 7th; Huntsville, Friday, March 8th; North Bay, Sat. & Sun., March 9th & 10th.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT, with "Tel. the Station-Master," Hespeler, Sat. & Sun., March 2nd & 3rd; Ayr, Monday, March 4th; Paris, Tuesday, March 5th; Brantford, Wed. & Thurs., March 6th & 7th; Norwich, Fri., Sat. & Sun., March 8th, 9th & 10th.

ENSIGN STAGER with "A daughter Mother," Hannah, Sat., Sun., Mon., March 2nd, 3rd & 4th; Morden, Tues., Wed., March 5th & 6th; Portage la Prairie, Thurs. & Fri., March 7th & 8th; Dauphin, Sat. & Sun., March 9th & 10th.

CAPTAIN POOLE, with "Mistakes of the War," Montreal, L. Sat. & Sun., March 2nd & 3rd; Joe Beef's, Monday, March 4th; Quebec, Tues. & Wed., March 5th & 6th; Sherbrooke, Thurs., March 7th; Newport, Fri., March 8th; St. Johnsbury, Sat. & Sun., March 9th & 10th.